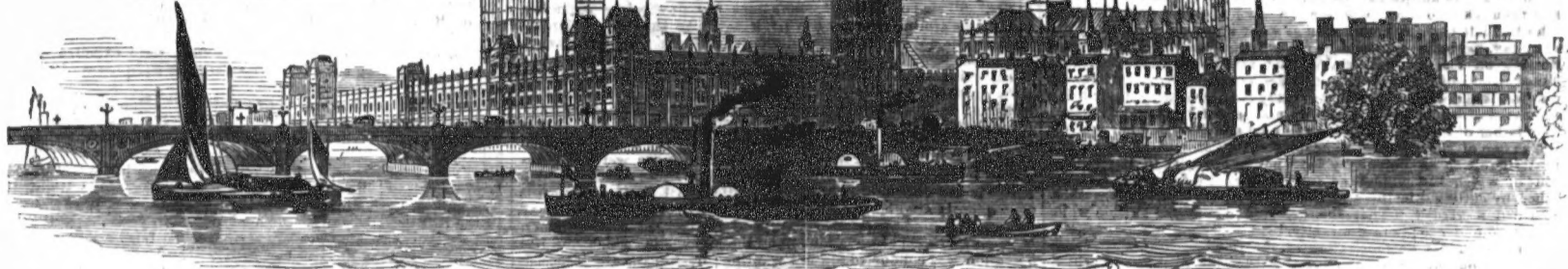


John Dick 313 Strand

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Much of the sporting of the present day is widely different from what was included under the title in former times, when the keen sportsman carried his own gun, and toiled over the stubble land or ploughed field to follow and bag his game, in the manner shown in our engraving below.

According to "Stonehenge," the following is the mode of conducting partridge-shooting in the highly preserved turnip districts:—"At nine o'clock in the morning—for it begun earlier, the birds will return to their feed—the whole of the stubbles are beaten by men and spaniels, in such a direction as to drive all the birds into certain large fields of turnips, clover, mangold-wurzel, or potatoes; all of which afford good cover. Two or three ponies are very serviceable, since they may be rapidly ridden over the ground, and they may serve to prevent the birds from taking a wrong direction; besides, as the whole ground must be beaten between nine and half-past ten or eleven o'clock, it requires the speed of the horse, or else a great number of beaters, to go over it. By the time last-mentioned, we will suppose all the birds driven into the largest fields affording the above cover for them; then the party of shooters form a line at one side of the field, and having a man at the end of every ten yards, and the guns at intervals of forty, they proceed to 'walk the turnips.' Being accompanied by the keepers, and a retriever or two, any wounded bird is expected to be retrieved; but many escape, since the scent of the turnips is so very prejudicial to the perfect use of the dog's nose. In walking straight across the field,

it is divided by imaginary lines, which commence midway between each two guns, and run forward at right angles to the line; each shooter, therefore, is allowed to shoot only at those birds which are actually within the lines on each side of himself; and all birds killed in that space are said to fall to his gun, even if really killed by an adjoining one. This rule is laid down to prevent two or more shooting at the same bird; and also to set at rest the conflicting claims which any one or more may set up to a superiority in shooting. It is a very useful rule, and should in all cases be rigidly adhered to, not only with partridge, but also in grouse-shooting. It is only when both barrels have been discharged, unsuccessfully, that a man's next neighbour has the privilege of 'wiping his eye,' if he can. From the immense numbers of birds which are often driven into turnips, the shooting is 'fast and furious,' and requires one or two spare guns to each shooter. It is no uncommon occurrence to find from seventy or 100 brace in one large field; and, early in the season, three-fourths of these may be shot at, since they lie like stones, and get up singly, or two or three at a time only; which, among a party of four or five, are soon disposed of. At every shot, the whole line wait till the shooter has reloaded or changed his gun—which his servant, in the latter case, loads for him, ready for the next shot. In this way, the whole of the turnips, clover, &c., is closely beaten, and sometimes a second time over, with as good success as the first, for, as dogs are not often used, and the birds lie close, it is usually the case that one-half of them are not put up the first time. Those which escape the formidable line are carefully marked down, and followed up afterwards, when the numbers are reduced to a whet. In this kind of shooting,

however, it is scarcely desirable to follow up broken covies, since they all lie very well in the good cover which green crops afford; and the birds are so numerous as to keep the guns constantly going for four or five hours, which is the usual term of this sport, for the birds leave the shelter of the turnips in the afternoon, and go on the feed again, where they are not to be slaughtered without more trouble than the Norfolk sportsman thinks they deserve. Such is the fashionable and modern style of partridge-shooting. It has many variations, of course, which depend upon the quantity of birds, and the size of the fields of turnips, &c.; and it is chiefly to be met with in perfection in those districts where turnip-husbandry is fully carried out; and these being generally of a light sandy soil, are peculiarly suited to the habits of the partridge.

"Until very lately, exceedingly good partridge-shooting was often met with in the wheat-districts, even on the strong clays; but the wheat is now so very generally bagged, that the lying for them is gone, and, consequently, by the second or third week in September, the birds are off the moment the shooter enters each field. It is here that judgment is required, and that good dogs are so serviceable; for it is a singular fact, that birds will often lie after they are found by a steady dog, although without him they would get up at 200 yards' distance from the gun. In the early part of the season, in these bare stubbles, the birds may be found, when in any numbers, by one steady dog, which should beat only about forty yards to the right and left of the gun. After the second week, however, it is generally necessary to permit a wider range; because, by that time, the game has become more scarce and wild, and, to find any number, the sportsman's legs would be too severely taxed."



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—PARTRIDGE SHOOTING

## Notes of the Week.

On Monday, Mr. William Carter, coroner for East Surrey, held a lengthened inquiry at the White Hart, Lambeth, into the circumstances attending the death of Jane Williams, aged twenty-seven years, the wife of a timber merchant carrying on business at Stratford, near Croydon. The body was found drowned in the Thames, on Tuesday morning week, under the following extraordinary circumstances. From the evidence adduced it appeared that the deceased, who had been married about five years, left her home, and as she did not return, advertisements were inserted which led to her identification. A man who was returning to Chalford, through a lane, observed something lying in the roadway, which proved to be the deceased in an insensible state. On being aroused she said she had been taken to the spot where she was found by a young woman, who had left her. A young man saw her part of the way. The next day, a young man said he noticed the body of the deceased floating on the Thames, against Roberson's wharf. Dr. William Jones, who performed the post-mortem examination, gave it as his opinion that death had resulted entirely from drowning, their being no marks of violence on the body nor internal traces of poison. The father of the deceased was examined and described her married life as one of the greatest unhappiness; but it was also admitted that there was an hereditary tendency to insanity in her family, four of which had committed suicide, three by drowning and the other by cutting his throat. The jury, after consulting together returned a verdict, "That the deceased committed suicide while labouring under temporary insanity."

A FREE Sunday demonstration of the London Trades' Societies took place on Sunday at the Crystal Palace, the directors of which had placed at the disposal of the Trades' Delegates Committee for procuring the opening of the national art museums on the Sunday afternoon about 8000 free tickets, which were distributed *pro rata* by the committee among the members of the trades' societies and other organizations of working men. The result was that nearly 10,000 of the artisans of the metropolis, their wives and families (children being admitted without tickets), visited the palace and grounds on Sunday afternoon, a lot of whom appeared highly to appreciate the liberality of the directors. The ordinary amusements of the palace were of course kept in abeyance, but the picture galleries, the fine arts courts, the promenade inside the building, and the beauty and magnificence of the grounds and flowers outside afforded ample enjoyment to the numerous visitors, whose conduct throughout the day was characterized by order and propriety. At five o'clock Dr. Peritt delivered a lecture on the antiquities of Egypt, in the Egyptian Court, to a crowded audience; and at four o'clock a meeting was held on the great orchestra, presided over by Mr. Wright, the chairman of the trades' committee, when addresses on the benefits to be derived from opening the Crystal Palace and national museums to the people on the Sunday afternoon were delivered by Mr. Baxter Langley, Mr. Morrell, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Stansby.

An inquest has been held at Aldershot before Mr. Spencer Clarke, the coroner for North Hants, on the body of Private John Williamson, of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders. It appeared that a few evenings ago two men who occupied the same quarters with the deceased retired to rest, and left him sitting up in the hut with a candle burning. They were shortly awakened by a loud report, and, on jumping out of bed, they saw Williamson lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood. From the position of the unhappy man it seemed that he had sat on the end of his bed, placed the muzzle of his loaded rifle to his mouth, pulled the trigger with his left foot, and discharged the contents through his brains, causing immediate death. The deceased was twenty-six years of age, and about a year ago, when confined for an offence, made his escape from the guard-room by jumping over the rock at Edinburgh Castle; since which, according to the concurrent testimony of several witnesses, he had exhibited frequent mental aberration. The jury were for some time divided in opinion, but ultimately a open verdict was returned by twelve, to the effect that the deceased shot himself; but, from the evidence adduced, they were unable to say what state of mind he was in at the time of committing the act.

## FRAUDS ON RAILWAY COMPANIES.

On Monday, before the bench of magistrates sitting at the Town Hall, Ramsgate, a case was brought by the South-Eastern Railway Company, against Mr. William Wellings, a tradesman carrying on an extensive business at No. 35, Railway-street, London, the charge against him being, "That, on the 6th day of August, 1865, at the Ramsgate Station of the Company, then being a passenger on the line of the South-Eastern Railway Company, did not, on being required to do so, show to Samuel Strickland, he being then and there an officer of the South-Eastern Railway Company, a ticket of payment of his fare, contrary to the bye-laws and regulations of the company." This prosecution is the first that has been brought forward, in consequence of the wholesale way in which excursion tickets have been bought and openly offered for sale for the return journey to London, whereby persons who had not originally obtained them were enabled to travel without payment of the ordinary fare, the interests of the company suffering seriously in consequence. Mr. Samuel Strickland was called, and he said: I am a travelling detective officer of the South-Eastern Railway Company. On Sunday evening, the 6th of August, I saw the defendant, who was standing with a man who was loitering near the station, in front of the Railway Tavern public-house. I had seen the man who was with the defendant stop many persons as they were approaching the railway station and offer for sale tickets before the transaction spoken of. I saw the defendant receive a ticket from the man, who was dressed in a smock-frock, and he gave him a shilling or a two shilling piece for it, and he then walked into the station and joined some friends who appeared to have come with him—a gentleman and two ladies. He went into the station by a side or goods entrance, and passed the booking office without taking a ticket. He then took his seat in a carriage, and the door was closed. I went up to the carriage door, told him that I was an officer, and that I wished to speak to him. I told him then that I was an officer of the company, and that I wished to see his ticket. He produced the half of a Ramsgate to London ticket, and I told him that I had seen him buy it outside the station. I asked him what he had given for it, and he replied that he had given 1s. for it. He gave the ticket to me, and then I said, "Where is your proper ticket?" He said, "This is the only one I have got, and I bought this in ignorance." He said he bought it of a man who had the appearance of a porter, and he then directed the man of whom he had bought it, and his description corresponded with that of the man whom I had previously seen outside the station offering tickets for sale. Defendant now said he did purchase the ticket in the way stated by Mr. Strickland, he having returned to London on account of illness; but he did so in entire ignorance that he was doing wrong, or that it was contrary to the bye-laws of the company. So he did not think he was doing wrong, but if 250 tickets of a similar description had been offered him, and he had wanted them, he should have bought them without hesitation. He implored, however, the conduct of Mr. Strickland, whom he said had told him that if he would give him information from whom he had bought the ticket he would be paid more about 1s. Mr. Strickland was recalled, and he positively refused to make any such promise. The bench ordered him to pay a fine of 5s., and 10s. costs.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The Emperor has made quite a tour in Switzerland. The following anecdote is related:—

"During the Emperor's sojourn at Aarau, a band of chorists gave him a serenade. His Majesty thanked them, and asked if any of them remembered his departure from Aarau. 'Yes, your Majesty,' answered one of them, 'and I remember you said, 'I leave you with pain, but when I return joy will reign among us.'"

The Debats says:—"The English companies interested in the Atlantic cable give evidence at this moment of that energy and tenacity which form one of the bright sides of the English character. Their boards of directors met the day before yesterday, and the determination they have taken shows that the failure of the last attempt has in no way discouraged them. In France such a check as that of the Great Eastern would assuredly have aroused the meeting instinct of the nation, and the affair would perhaps have been drowned under a flood of jokes, epigrams, and 'vauville' couplets; in England things happen otherwise. The companies, through the medium of their boards of directors, have decided that there is no reason to abandon the enterprise, that a check proved nothing, and that their interest and their honour were alike involved in the establishment of complete telegraphic communication between the two shores of the Atlantic. All the arrangements consequently are going to be taken, in order that a new cable may be manufactured without delay, and submerged next summer. Moreover, critical observations upon the manner in which the last operation was conducted are not wanting; fresh plans are proposed, and we need not be astonished if we witness, after awhile, one of those triumphs which are essentially due to the perseverance of English genius."

## GERMANY.

In the negotiations between the Sovereigns of Austria and Prussia for the definite settlement of the succession question to the duchies the following points have been agreed to by both Powers as the basis for the future organization of the Government of Schleswig-Holstein:—

"1. Austria and Prussia, recognizing the Vienna Treaty of Peace as the only legal basis for the settlement of the question of the sovereignty of the duchies, both Powers, therefore, form the only tribunal which, so soon as they shall have come to an understanding on the subject, shall have the authority to decide on the future political organization of the duchies."

"2. The duty of defending the duchies will be undertaken by Prussia, and whatever ultimate settlement of the succession question may be arrived at, the military resources of Schleswig and Holstein will be placed at her disposal."

Field-Marshal von Gabelz will be military governor of Holstein. The Debate states that the negotiations between the minor German States have resulted in a resolution to abandon the installation of the Duke of Augustenburg as a condition of any settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question. The minor States will confine themselves solely to the maintenance of Federal right in the duchies.

## AMERICA.

It is said that the friends of Mr. Jefferson Davis in Washington are raising money for Mrs. Davis, who is in a very destitute condition in Alabama. Mrs. Davis is still imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, and enjoys good health. General Joseph E. Johnston, of Georgia, wishes to be made superintendent of some Southern railroad, as he finds it necessary to do something to keep the wolf away. Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, who, in 1860, was candidate for Vice-President, on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglas, has been pardoned by the President at the instance of Mrs. Douglas.

A New York letter says:—"General Lee is still living in strict retirement in Charlotte County, Virginia; but although he keeps himself secluded, he is by no means forgotten. On the 11th of August the trustees of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, unanimously resolved to tender General Lee the presidency of that venerable institution. The desire that he shall accept the honour is universal. Nothing has transpired lately about Jefferson Davis. A few days since Mrs. Davis applied to the War Department for permission to visit her husband, but was refused. Clement C. Clay is still confined at Fortress Monroe, and there is a strong sentiment in favour of granting him a speedy trial. He voluntarily surrendered himself to the Government, and should be granted the privilege of a trial. Alexander H. Stephens, who is still in Fort Warren, says the only favour he will ask is a trial. Close confinement is breaking him down, and must eventually kill him. Several persons who have visited Stephens have gone to Washington to urge the President to order a trial, or grant him a pardon speedily. Their visit will probably be in vain, for the policy of the Government is to do nothing."

## A DISTRESSING OMNIBUS ACCIDENT.

ONE of the most distressing accidents which have happened in Blackburn for several years past occurred on Saturday night, at the village of Ewood, two miles from the centre of Blackburn, and almost midway between Over Darwen and Blackburn. Mr. Ratcliffe, a lively, stable keeper, of Over Darwen, runs omnibuses between the two towns at certain hours daily, and on Saturday last left the Queen's Head Inn, Darwen-street, Blackburn, for Darwen about ten o'clock, heavily laden with passengers, drawn by three horses. It was a very large one, "constructed to carry eighteen inside and twenty-eight outside," in all forty-six; but it is alleged that when it left the Queen's Head on Saturday night it was so overcrowded that three or four persons were standing on the back step. After it had gone about a mile and a half, and had arrived close upon the village of Ewood, where several of the passengers intended to leave the vehicle, some of the spokes in one of the off wheels broke, and caused the omnibus to fall upon one side. So sudden and unexpected was the accident that nearly all the outside passengers were precipitated into the street, and most of them more or less injured. The inside passengers, who were chiefly women, shared a little better fate. They were, however, thrown violently against the sides and roof of the omnibus, and three or four of them were badly hurt and bruised. Mr. Ratcliffe, who was driving, was also thrown from his seat and injured, though but slightly. The greatest alarm and confusion for some moments prevailed. The uninjured passengers very promptly assisted their more unfortunate fellow-passengers; several of those who lived near were conveyed home, and the rest were all conveyed to the Blackburn Infirmary, which is situated at that end of the borough, and within a mile of the place where the accident took place. Dr. Siddall, the house surgeon, kindly rendered all the aid his medical skill could suggest, and he was assisted by Messrs. Smith and Martland, the honorary surgeons of the infirmary, who soon completed their examination and temporary treatment of the injured, all of whom taken there remained in the institution save one, who had simply a fractured thumb.

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# COMMITTAL OF A CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

On Monday morning, Mr. Richard Noakes, a druggist, of North-street, Brighton, a man of the very highest respectability, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken in custody under a magistrate's warrant, and charged before Mr. O. Carpenter, Mr. Montagu Scott, Mr. Allfree, Mr. Hurlock, and Mr. Young, the magistrates sitting at the county bench, Hove, on a charge of having caused the death of Mr. Thomas Boys, of Lansdowne-place, by accidentally substituting tincture of aconite for tincture of henbane in a bottle sent to him to be refilled.

The proceedings excited very great interest, in consequence of the coroner's jury having returned a verdict in which Mr. Noakes was not incriminated, and of his apprehension having been brought about by means extraneous to the family of the deceased.

The accused was represented by Mr. Merrifield, instructed by Mr. Ewen Evershed, solicitor.

Mrs. Boys, widow of deceased, said: My husband was eighty-one years of age. About a month ago, in consequence of his infirmity, Dr. Dill prescribed for him thirty drops of henbane, to be taken occasionally. On Sunday (yesterday week) he went to bed at eleven o'clock, after reading, as was his custom. He said he was afraid he should not be able to sleep, and that he would, therefore, take a dose of henbane. He took a bottle out of his medicine chest, held it up to the light, and counted out thirty drops, which he put into a tumbler. He told me to fill up the glass with camphur julep. I did so, and he drank the contents of the glass. About ten minutes afterwards he said he thought a little went the wrong way and that it felt hot. A quarter of an hour later he jumped up in bed and said his hands and legs felt benumbed, and he hoped that Noakes had sent the right stuff. I said, "I had better send for some one." He said, "No, I'll have no one disturbed at this time of the morning." He sat up in bed and looked at the bottle again. Holding it up to the light, he said, "It's all right." Half an hour or an hour afterwards he said he felt very sick; and I got up and called my servant, and desired her to get some warm water. I gave him a tumbler of it and it produced violent retching. All the inmates of the house then got up, and I again wanted to send for a surgeon; but he said in very decisive tones, "No, let some one go in the morning, but not before six." He desired that Mr. Noakes might be informed that he had been very ill all night, and that the bottle should be sent to him, a small quantity being first poured out to be retained. He then lay down apparently to sleep. In about five minutes I went to the side of the bed and put my arm round his neck, and asked, "Are you asleep?" He did not reply; he never spoke again. At a quarter to five I knew he was dead.

In reply to the bench, witness said that on the Friday, or a day or two before, she took the bottle in question with another to Mr. Noakes's shop, put them on the counter, and desired that they might be filled and sent home in the evening. She did not remember who was in the shop. She was in the habit of taking or sending the bottles to be refilled. A night or two before Sunday deceased put the bottle marked "Henbane" into the medicine chest. One bottle was marked "Henbane," the other "Liniment."

Mr. Kilby Peers, assistant to Mr. Noakes, deposed that on Wednesday, the 16th instant, Mr. Boys brought to the shop the bottle marked "B. Liniment," with six drachms of castor oil, and another, labelled "Tincture of henbane." He knew one bottle, but could not swear to the other. She desired that they might be filled and sent home that night. He placed the bottles on the counter to be filled.

Edward Thorley Noakes, son of the accused and an assistant in his business, stated that on the eve of that day he, by his father's directions, took two bottles to Mr. Boys's residence. They were of the size of those produced; but they were wrapped up in paper. He delivered them to Jane Plowman, at the door of deceased's residence.

Mr. Charles Harrison, M.R.C.S., residing a few doors from the residence of the deceased in Lansdowne-place, was called thither at five o'clock on Monday morning, and found him dead. He looked very pale, as if he had died from disease of the heart, and from which he had suffered during the last ten years. Mrs. Boys said he had taken thirty drops of tincture of henbane, or what he supposed was tincture of henbane, and she produced the bottle in question, marked "Poison—Tincture of Henbane." He tasted the contents, and said he believed it was not henbane, but aconite.

Mr. Carpenter: Would aconite tend to aggravate disease of the heart?

Witness: From my reading I know it is given to alleviate disease of the heart.

Mr. Carpenter: Tell your own experience.

Witness: My experience of the use of aconite is none; but I know that Dr. Hope and other great medical authorities recommend the use of aconite in heart complaint as a sedative or narcotic—in cases, in fact, where henbane is used. Whether thirty drops would be a proper dose in the present case would depend upon the strength of the tincture. Feeling satisfied that death had arisen from heart complaint, I did not think it necessary to make any further inquiry. The bottle passed from me to Dr. Phillips.

Cross-examined by Mr. Merrifield: Deceased had suffered from heart disease for fifteen years. After hearing the evidence to-day, I am still of opinion that the cause of death was disease of the heart. Henbane alleviates the disease, and is a poison; aconite is a still stronger poison, and it also alleviates the disease. Would give an opinion that deceased, feeling more distressed than ordinarily, took the stronger poison. I cannot say whether the death (which I refer to was caused by heart disease) was accelerated by taking aconite.

Mr. Herman Schwelizer, of 86 King's-road, Brighton, analytical chemist, stated that the bottle in question, marked "Poison, tincture of henbane," contained tincture of aconite. The strength was of the "London Pharmacopoeia." He tried it on a kitten, which died half an hour after taking ten drops.

Dr. Phillips said he had made a post-mortem examination of the body of deceased. His attention was entirely directed to the condition of the heart, in consequence of Dr. Dill, his medical attendant, having informed him that deceased had suffered with disease of the heart. The heart adhered in several places to its investing membrane. There were evidences of inflammatory action twenty years back, and the heart itself was much enlarged and covered with fat. Aconite is a narcotic irritant; henbane simply narcotic. One hundredth of a grain of the active principle, aconitine, would be a dangerous dose. He had never seen a case of poisoning by aconite. As a scientific man, he could say that aconite was a very powerful poison; that a person swallowing a poisonous dose, not much diluted, would experience a burning sensation at the back of his throat, followed in a short time by a pain in the abdomen and a swelling and tenderness, nausea or vomiting, vertigo and dimness of vision, and would probably die shortly.

Mr. Carpenter: We have heard that you have had some conversation with Mr. Noakes.

Witness: Immediately I had seen the body I went to Mr. Noakes, and told him what occurred. He was very much affected, and nearly fainted. Asked who filled the bottle, and the accused replied, "I am afraid I did it myself."

Cross-examined by Mr. Merrifield: Mr. Noakes has always borne the character of an extremely careful man. The business was a large and old established one, and I never heard of a mistake in connection with it. He is the most careful man in Brighton.

William Bottell, a Hove constable, stated that he went to Mr. Noakes's shop that day week, and told Mr. Noakes an inquiry would be held on the body of Mr. Boys, at the Town Hall, Hove, at six o'clock that evening, and asked that he had "put up"

that bottle of stuff for Mr. Boys, and Mr. Noakes said, "Unfortunately I did."

Mr. Merrifield then addressed the bench on behalf of the accused. This was one of the cases which philosophers told us would occur, spite of all possible care, from the doctrine of averages. It was by no means clear that the aconite even accelerated the death of the old gentleman a job. The prosecution was not instituted by the family of the deceased man; and those who had experience in assize trials could predict with absolute certainty that the sympathy of judge and jury in such a case would lead to an acquittal. He therefore called on the magistrates not to inflict on the accused the annoyance and inconvenience of a committal for trial, which could never end in a conviction, and which was not called for by public policy.

After a brief consultation among the magistrates, Mr. Carpenter said the magistrates regretted that they felt themselves called upon to send the case to a jury. It might be that the case would end in an acquittal; but the magistrates thought it one that must be sifted in another court. Of course a bill would be accepted—the accused in £200, and two sureties in £100 each.

## THE MURDER OF TWO WOMEN IN THE WEST RIDING.

On Saturday the county magistrates usually sitting at Dewsbury met at the Court-house for the purpose of taking the examinations on the two charges of wilful murder made against Eli Sykes, aged nineteen, a cloth-finisher, and a member of the 29th (Dewsbury) West York Rifle Volunteers. It will be remembered that on the night of the 19th instant Sykes received from Hannah Brooke, aged eighteen, a positive refusal to continue any longer a courtship which had lately been going on between them, and revenged himself by stabbing both the girl and her mother with the bayonet which he was wearing on his return from one of the usual drills of the volunteer corps to which he belonged. He also, with the same weapon, inflicted five slight gashes in his own throat, but was prevented from doing himself greater injury, and has now quite recovered from those wounds.

Mr. Marsden, the solicitor for the West Riding, conducted the prosecution; Mr. B. Chadwick, of Dewsbury, appeared for the prisoner.

Hannah First, of Batley Carr, a companion of the deceased girl, deposed that on the 18th instant the prisoner spoke to her about a young man coming from Wakefield on the following Sunday to see Hannah Brooke, and remarked, "If I can't have her no one else shall." She said to him, "Eli, I think you're going out of your mind," and he replied, "Well, you'll see." They had always appeared to be affectionate towards each other, and prisoner kind and respectful to her. She was a gay, light-hearted girl, and at Dewsbury feast she told witness that she had given prisoner notice that he was to stop away, for she wanted nothing to do with him.

William Bentley Walton, cloth-finisher, Dewsbury, said at 10.25 on the night of the 19th he saw the prisoner dressed in the uniform of a volunteer, and having his rifle and bayonet with him. Prisoner told him that he was going to see Hannah. Witness advised him not to go, because a few weeks before prisoner had told him that Hannah insisted upon his staying away. Prisoner, however, went towards the house of Mrs. Brooke and her daughter. Witness had seen the girl and prisoner together at Whitenside, and then they appeared to be on good terms.

Robert Jones, labourer, a neighbour of the deceased persons, said for eighteen months the prisoner had been in the habit of visiting at Brooke's, and he had frequently seen Hannah and the prisoner standing together. On the night of the 19th he passed close to them, and the prisoner had his rifle in his hand, with the bayonet fixed on the top of it. In a quarter of an hour afterwards he heard of the murders. When he saw the prisoner he did not appear to be angry or excited. He and Hannah always appeared to be affectionate towards each other.

Joseph Peace, dyer, New-street, Batley, said he lived next door to the deceased women, and had known both them and the prisoner several years. Shortly after eleven p.m., on the 19th he heard old Sarah Brooke cry "Murder" three or four times. He ran to her house, and she stood in her night-dress about two yards from her door. She said, "Oh, dear! he's murdering our Hannah in the house." On going into the house he found Hannah Brooke laid against a bed, with blood running from her mouth and neck. The prisoner stood about a yard in front of her with a bayonet in his hand, and stabbing at his own throat. Witness said, "What are you going to do; are you going to murder all the folks in the house?" He threw his rifle down, and as he did so prisoner stabbed at him in the side, but it only grazed the skin. He believed if he had not been the stronger man the prisoner would have wounded him seriously. William Fawcett came to his assistance, followed by the police-sergeant. Fawcett took the bayonet out of the prisoner's hand. All the floor was bloody, and the bed also. Sarah Brooke followed witness into the house, and fell about a yard inside the door. Some one said, "Sarah's dying; let's carry her to the bed," and she died in five minutes. Hannah died in five minutes after that. No one was in the house when witness went in but Hannah Brooke, the prisoner, and a boy five years old, who had got to the far side of his bed, and was screaming. The prisoner did not look as if he had had any beer.

William Fawcett, cabinet-maker, and Police-sergeant English gave corroborative evidence.

Mr. Superintendent Martin said when the prisoner was brought to Dewsbury Station he said, "I feel easier in my mind now than I've done for a fortnight." Mr. Martin cautioned him and he said no more.

Patrick Murray, a constable, said after Mr. Martin left the prisoner he made the following statement, after being cautioned in the usual way:—

"I feel easier in my mind and better satisfied than before I did it. I was with Hannah Brooke last Monday night, and we were on good terms. I went on Saturday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, and she and her mother began calling me and told me to go away, they did not want me there. Hannah sat down in a chair and began singing, and it aggravated me. I struck her with the butt end of my gun, and she cried out, 'Oh, Eli! let me alone and I'll go with you,' but I pulled my bayonet out of my sheath and ran it into her. Her mother got up out of bed and tried to prevent me, and I ran my bayonet into her. Although I murdered her I loved her. I have told her many a time I'd have my revenge, and I've got it now."

Mr. W. Baylson, surgeon, Batley, deposed that on the body of the elder deceased, Sarah Brooke, he found nine wounds, five of which penetrated the chest, passed through the pericardium, and penetrated the left ventricle of the heart in its posterior aspect. This wound had been the cause of death. On the body of Hannah Brooke he found seven wounds, one of which had penetrated the heart at its apex, and proved fatal. He found no wound or blow on the head of Hannah Brooke, nor on the body any external marks of a blow.

The evidence being completed, the prisoner declined to say anything, and he was committed to take his trial at the Leeds winter gaol delivery on both charges.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Penholder, Pencil and Pens. Bismarck and Co. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 20,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GOSWOLD, 25, Oxford-street, London.—Advertisement.

## MURDER IN WOLVERHAMPTON.

The town of Wolverhampton was on Saturday evening put into a state of painful excitement by the commission of a shocking murder of a respectable young woman by the hand of her acknowledged suitor, with an attempt at suicide on the part of the murderer.

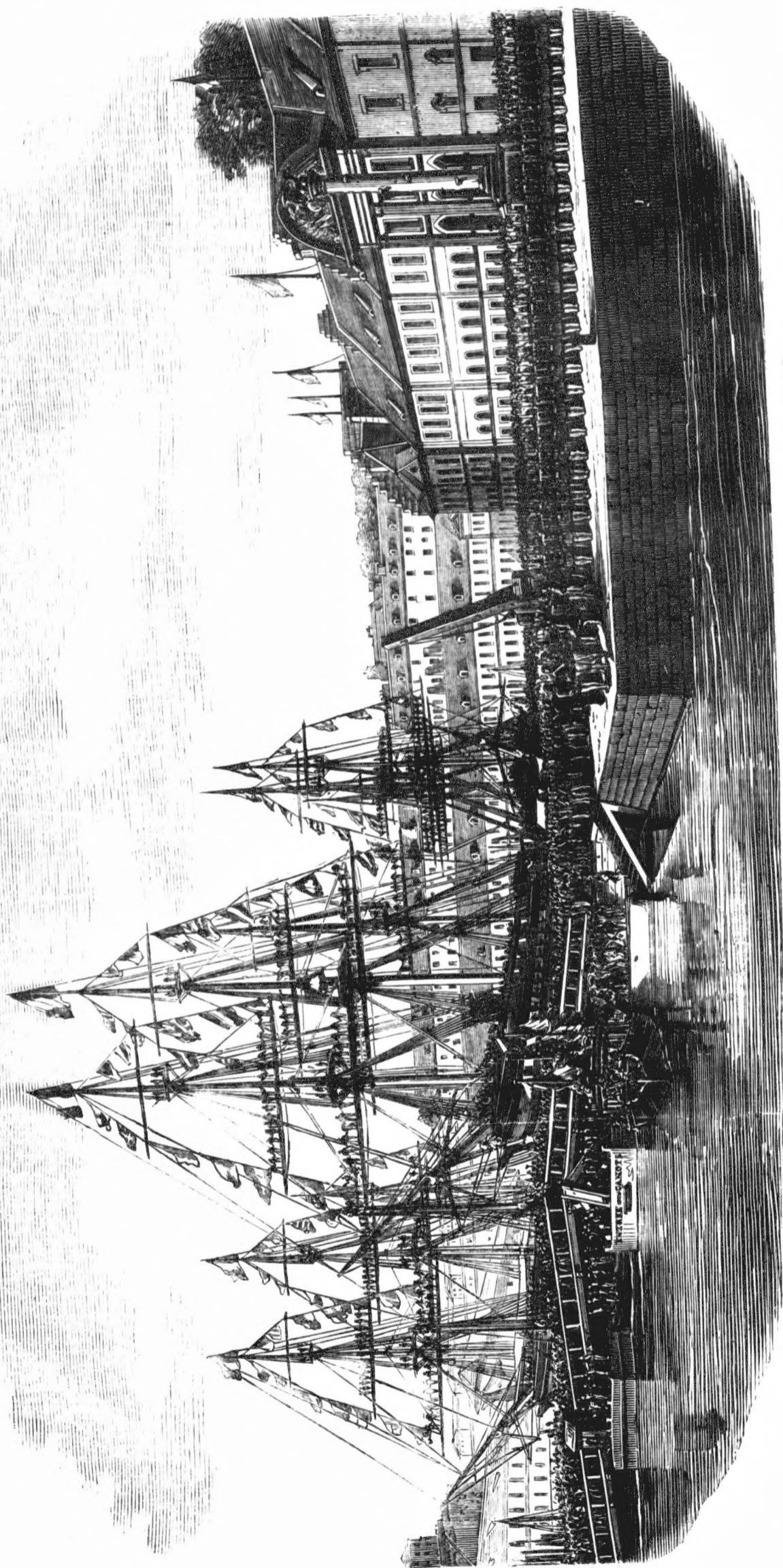
Charles Christopher Robinson, now aged eighteen, was 1 ft. with-out father or mother at the age of seven, the heir to property worth £4,000. The boy has, ever since the death of his mother, lived in the family of Mr. Josiah Fisher, one of the excoctors. At the rear of Mr. Fisher's residence, and having a frontage in Abber-street, is a public-house, with the sign of the Queen's Arms. This house is kept by Mr. Josiah Fisher, son of Mr. Josiah Fisher, to whom it belongs. There was a ready communication between both houses, and each family was in almost constant intercourse with the other. The lad had been disinclined to pursue any particular calling, justifying himself by saying that "enough money had been got to keep him." An interesting young woman named Harriet Seagar, who was the sister of Mrs. Josiah Fisher, had been living with her sister at the Queen's Arms, and during that time an intimacy had sprung up between her and young Robinson, and he was acknowledged by the friends on both sides as her suitor. After some time Miss Seagar consented to enter the family of Mr. Josiah Fisher, and act as their servant, but on tolerably equal terms. She was slightly, but not a twelve-month, older than her suitor, and therefore scarcely nineteen years of age. On Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Fisher, with Mrs. Josiah Fisher, left home at about three o'clock to go to Codrill. At that time Charles Robinson was in the garden behind the house smoking, and Miss Seagar was engaged about her domestic duties. Excepting these two no one was left at the house in Sidney-street. At about four o'clock Emma Silletto, aged fifteen, and servant at the Queen's Arms, was near to the back door of the residence of Mr. Josiah Fisher, when she saw Miss Seagar at work, but crying, and Robinson was near her. The impression left on Silletto's mind was that they had been quarrelling. At a little before six Silletto heard a gun fired in Mr. Josiah Fisher's house, and in a few minutes one of Mr. Josiah Fisher's children ran in from the garden which separates the two houses and cried out that Charles had shot Harriet. Silletto ran across the garden and saw Robinson come down stairs and enter the back kitchen. On looking through the window of the back kitchen she saw him standing without his coat in front of a small mirror that was hanging against the wall. Whilst looking into the mirror he held a razor in his right hand and cut three gashes in his throat. She raised an alarm, and when neighbours came in they found him standing in a leaning posture outside the back kitchen, his clothes much stained with blood, that had been and was still flowing from wounds in his throat. An attempt was made to secure him, when he became very violent and tried hard to tear open the wounds described. With some difficulty he was overpowered, and his hands fastened behind him. Whilst this was going on neighbours had entered the back kitchen, and had their horror intensified at seeing Miss Seagar lying lifeless on the floor. Death had been occasioned by a hideous cut in the throat, which passing through the wind-pipe and all the arteries extended right to the spine. She was in a pool of blood, and upon her head being raised the last breath seemed to depart.

Robinson's wounds having been bandaged with the apron of a woman who came up whilst he was bleeding, he was led into an inner room. Here his injuries were dressed by Mr. Summers and Mr. Vincent Jackson, surgeons, the patient bearing the treatment passively. During the latter part of the operation Police-constable Sargent was standing by. Preparatory to the removal of Robinson upstairs Mr. Summers went up to the young man's bedroom, and found a small pigeon gun reared up at full cock against the table, upon which there were powder, shot, and caps, and upon the bed there was a blood-stain leaving the impression of a man's hand. Inspector Thomas had now arrived, and taking charge of the premises, he placed two policemen in charge of the murderer. The gun he found with a heavy charge of some kind. In the back kitchen he found a white-handled razor with the blade and haft clogged with blood, lying on the edge of the sink-stone, upon which the knife-board had been placed, and in front of which, upon the floor, the murdered woman was lying. The blade of the razor was shut up in the handle, and near to it lay a fork and a piece of leather, just as these might be expected to be found if, whilst cleaning the fork, she was pulled backward by the hair and her throat cut. The extent of the wound leads the surgeons to the conclusion that that was the way in which she was murdered. After having taken Miss Seagar's life Robinson would seem to have gone upstairs into his bedroom, his hands wet with the young woman's blood, and then have attempted to shoot himself, for not only was blood found upon the bed, but the barrel and butt of the gun likewise had blood upon them, and a charge of shot had passed into the ceiling and brought down some of the plaster. The gun, which bore marks of having been recently discharged, he would then seem to have released.

When Silletto saw him at the bottom of the stairs, before he went into the kitchen with the razor and the glass, she called out, "What have you done with Harriet?" Robinson replied, "I've shot her." This, however, does not seem to have been correct for Seagar's corpse does not so far as it has been examined, bear marks of other injuries than those occasioned by the razor. There is reason to fear that Robinson often suffered from a description of delirium tremens. Sometimes he drank heavily, and occasioned disorder in the family of his excoctor. On Thursday week Mr. Fisher told him that he must leave and go into lodgings, and that as he had lately become accustomed to use harsh language towards Miss Seagar, she also had better leave, last after he had left the peace of the family might still be subject to disturbances on the occasion of his visits. Robinson craved the pardon of his excoctor, and making promises of amendment was allowed to remain. Miss Seagar used to chide him gently for his excesses and fits of morose-ness followed upon most of his drinking bouts.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT RAMSHILL VILLA.—On Saturday evening Mr. Sothern, the talented comedian, and Mr. Addison, the medium *malgre lui*, by way of passing an hour, invited a few friends to witness some new manifestations of the spiritual order. The company, numbering about eight, seated themselves, the lights lowered, and the mediums immediately left the floor and commenced floating about the room, writing names on the walls and ceiling, and behaving altogether in a manner more like inflated balloons than human beings. The company were evidently much astonished, and one lady fainting brought it quickly to a close. Their next performance was equally wonderful. The company were introduced into an empty room, the door locked and immediately there was a noise as of things flying about. Lights being obtained, the floor was covered with frying pans, footstools, and a miscellaneous collection of articles too numerous to mention. It must be understood that Messrs. Sothern and Addison disclaim any belief whatever in spiritualism, and repudiate the suggestion that spirits assist them in their extraordinary performances.—*Scarboree Mercury*.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, which has been used in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and is in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is an excellent remedy for dysentery, diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. The fact is that "Cutts and Perkins, New York and London," is the only one of a wrapper. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle. London depot, 25, High-street.—Advertisement.



THE COMBINED FLEETS AT BREST.—LANDING OF THE NAVAL OFFICERS AT THE FOUNDRY IN THE DOCKYARD.

## THE GREAT NAVAL PETES AT BREST.

THE following is extracted from a letter written at Brest:—  
 "Yesterday, while the regatta were going on and the weather lovely, I and some friends took a sailing boat, for the purpose of having a good look round the fleet, and visiting some of the iron-clads. The solid construction, great depth, and heavy stores for ballast of the craft we stepped into, told of the heavy sea which navigators of Brest harbour must be prepared to encounter. Our two boatmen asked four francs an hour; this, although the boat was exceedingly coarse and dirty, I did not think exorbitant, and it was cheap compared with the fares at Cherbourg, so I closed at once. But the rasquale, fancying that Englishmen who did not bargain would pay anything, had the presence of mind to add, 'Four francs an hour for each person.' A decided objection to this amendment (which as there were three of us, would have made the price twelve francs the hour) caused its immediate withdrawal; and the men, who were simple-looking, civil young fellows, resigned them-

selves philosophically to the loss of two-thirds of their imaginary gains.  
 "On leaving the quay we met the Minister of Marine and the Maritime Prefect in a boat returning from a visit to the English Squadron. The water in the harbour was quite smooth, and very favourable for the rowing-match then going on. I saw a boat from one of the English ships taking the lead and keeping it. This boat I afterwards learned won the Grand Stand, they themselves giving three cheers, while a French band played 'God Save the Queen.' I believe this prize was of the value of 500 francs, but am not sure. For Frenchmen tell me that the regattas were 'badly organized,' that the programme was not followed, and that for the sailing prize of 1,500 francs open to 'all nations,' no English or other foreign boat competed. It was unlikely that that prize was awarded at all, but it is exceedingly difficult to get correct information, because everybody you call on is out, and all the notabilities of the town are wild with the excitement of a perpetual round of breakfasts,

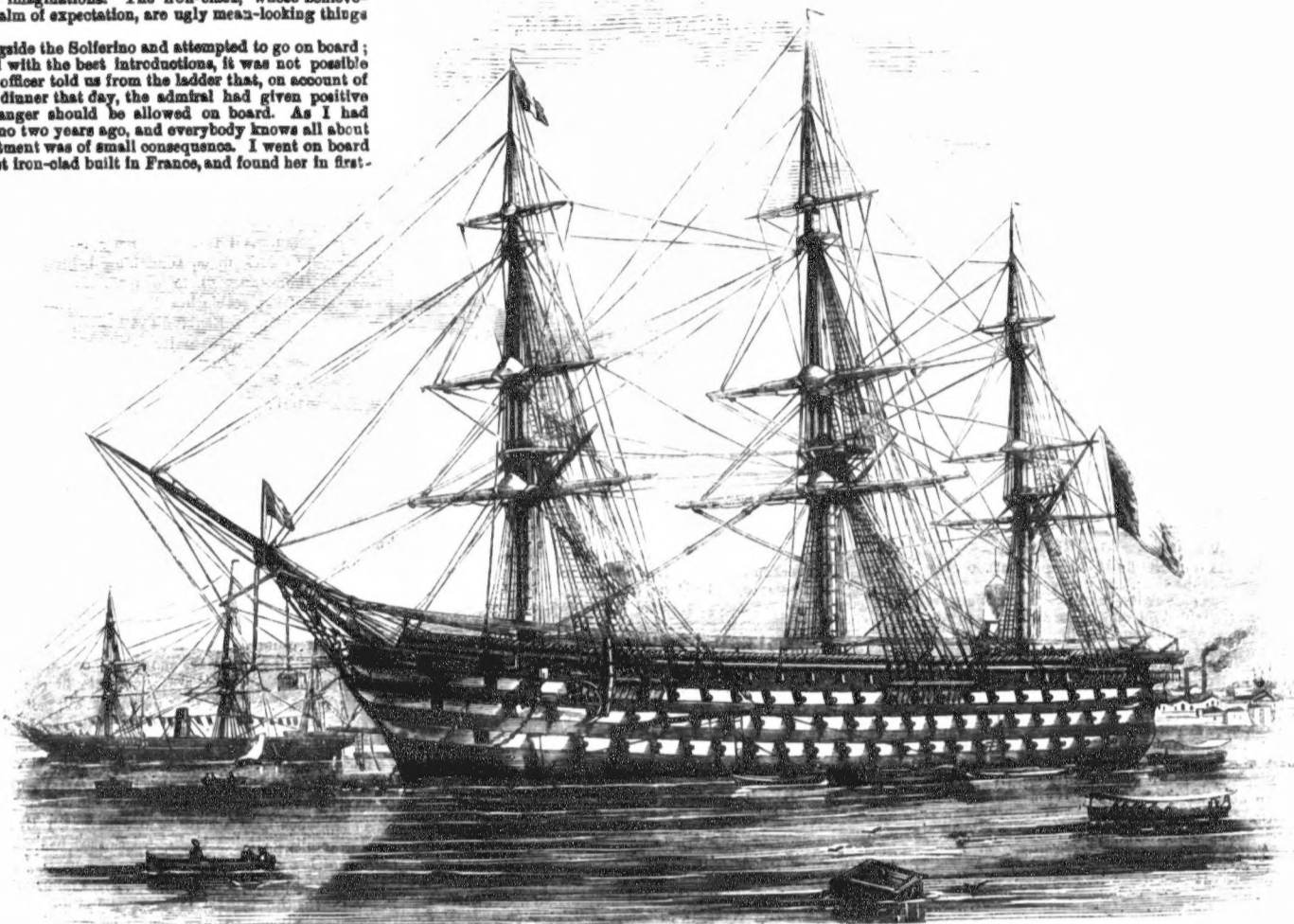
luncheons, and dinners. The boat races, however much they may have fallen short of what was expected, seemed to interest the population; for besides that the stands erected for the purpose of witnessing them were quite full, I saw from the water that almost every available space on the rocks, slopes, and ramparts which command a view of the *rade* were crowded with people clustering like swarms of bees.

"From conversation with an intelligent warrant officer of the Gloire, who had asked me for a lift in my boat to get on board his ship, I obtained particulars of the splendid wooden three-deckers which attracted my attention when I entered the harbour on board the Dupplin last Saturday, and which I then very naturally thought formed a part of the fleet under Admiral Bonet Villaneux's command. I have since learned that these are all ships stationed here and that Admiral Villaneux commands nothing but iron-clads. The great ships in question are, so far as war is concerned, nothing but splendid monuments of the past; but they have each a history. The most conspicuous among them, and the one the en-

graving of which they tell me in the Brest print-shops sells better than any other, is the Borda, formerly called the Valmy. This is a magnificent 120-gun three-decker, which carried Admiral Duroc's flag in the Black Sea in the time of the Ormeau war; it is now a school-ship for pupils aspiring to be officers. Another very fine ship is the Louis XIV., 128 guns, a school-ship for gunnery. Then there is the Bretagne, a very powerful ship of 140 guns, and engines of 1,200 horse-power. She for seven years carried the flag of the admiral commanding the squadron of vessels, but now she is reduced to be a school for cadets, and will probably never be used for any more brilliant purpose. The Ocean, which I have seen on the stocks in the arsenal, is built upon the model of the Bretagne, and is to be iron-clad. She is not in a very advanced state, but when completed will be the most powerful ship in the French navy. In the group of wooden ships in the harbour are the Jean Bart, a supplemental school-ship to the Borda, and the Inflexible, 90 guns, once an admiral's ship in the Levant, and now a school for boys, called *mousses*. These picturesque,

grand-looking vessels, whose appearance is associated with all the memories of naval history, although the march of science has now rendered them comparatively useless, attract the eye of visitors, and inflame their imaginations. The iron-clads, whose achievements lie in the realm of expectation, are ugly mean-looking things beside them.

"We went alongside the Solferino and attempted to go on board; but, though armed with the best introductions, it was not possible at that time. An officer told us from the ladder that, on account of preparations for a dinner that day, the admiral had given positive orders that no stranger should be allowed on board. As I had visited the Solferino two years ago, and everybody knows all about her, the disappointment was of small consequence. I went on board the Gloire, the first iron-clad built in France, and found her in first-



THE COMBINED FLEETS AT BREST.—THE FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR "LA BRETAGNE," 140 GUNS.

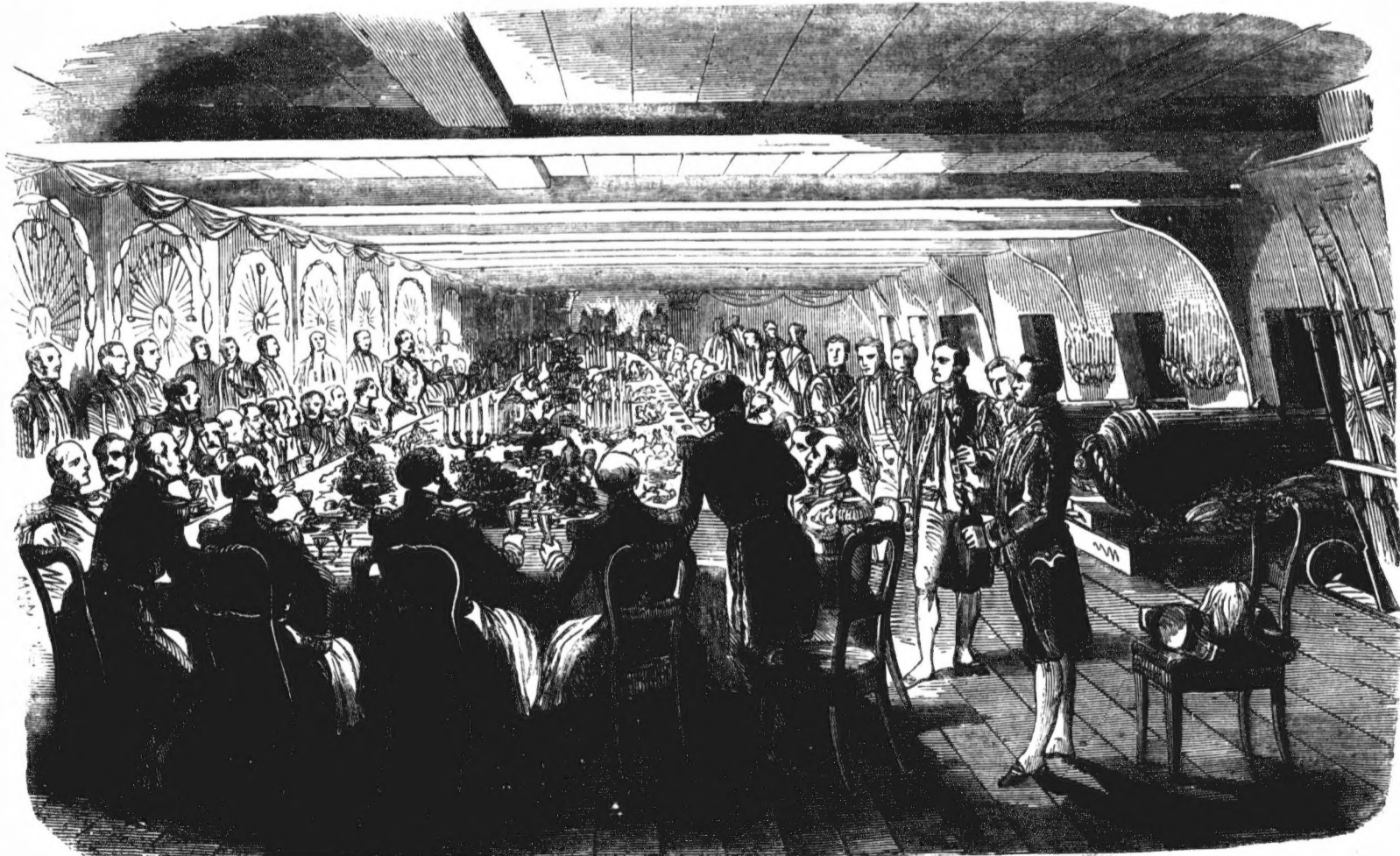
rate trim. I observed on the side of her gun-deck, which I inspected, that out of the fourteen guns, the five centre ones were cast-iron, and those on the right and left breech-loaders. The officer on deck made an apology for not going round the vessel with us himself, on the ground that there was a general on board whom he was obliged to attend to; he sent a sailor with us. This sailor looked a little impatient, as did some of the warrant officers, when one of my friends measured the diameter of the muzzles of the guns, and took some notes of their dimensions and weights. But the truth is that there are no secrets about any of these things; they have been in print over and over again, are perfectly familiar to all interested in

such subjects, and even 'my lords' of the Admiralty cannot be ignorant of them. Moreover, prints are sold in the shops here of all the iron-clads, giving the fullest particulars about them.

"Yesterday, the Duke of Somerset and several English officers, accompanied by the Minister of the Marine, visited the interesting naval school called the 'Etablissement des Papilles,' which is one of the great nurseries for French seamen, and an institution which many Englishmen who fear that the 'British sailor,' though a splendid article, is one the supply of which is daily becoming more and more precarious, look upon with a sort of terror. It is a pretty sight to see companies of children, many of them not more than ten

or twelve years old, wearing uniform and carrying Lilliputian muskets and bayonets, and going through their exercise as well as practised soldiers. The duke expressed himself greatly pleased with the sight.

Last night there were very good fireworks, and the square called the Champ de Bataille, in which is the theatre at which the opera was given to the English officers, was illuminated. I saw three sailors from the Black Prince, splendid fellows, who had tickets for the opera. They came into one of the most fashionable cafes of the place to refresh themselves, and being men who, like Thackeray's 'James,' could not 'abear' beer and spirits, asked for glasses of



BANQUET GIVEN TO THE ENGLISH OFFICERS ON BOARD THE FRENCH ADMIRAL'S FLAG SHIP "MAGENTA."

wine. The lady of the counter gave them two or three sorts of wine, which they did not like, but she said she would give them each the delicate liqueur wine called "Bénédictine," which she had of it, slipping it like confounders. The bill for this, with bread and cheese, came to four francs (3s. 4d.), which Jack, when made to understand, thought rather high, but he produced an English half-sovereign, paid manfully, for a luxury, and the party left the cafe, quite sober, to hear Madame St. Clair sing in "Gala," and to see a ballet after dark.

"Abi-el-Kader is greatly liked here, and seems highly to enjoy a spectacle which must be a very novel one to him. It is a curious coincidence that the wife of M. Gasson, the receiver-general, at whose house the Emir was a guest is the daughter of his old enemy, whose house he waged war upon him for years, Marshal Bugeaud. And now he drives out in M. Gasson's carriage, wearing over his white burnous the grand collar of the Legion of Honour, deservedly won by his heroic conduct when he saved the lives of thousands of Christians in Syria, for whose blood a fanatical mob of his own religion was thirsting. The Emir was at the Marchioness de Chasseloup-Laubat's reception at the Maritime Prefect's dinner, and at the Minister of Marine's breakfast on board the Reine Hortense. A great many English officers have been presented to him.

"The war-room officers of the French squadron entertained the war-room officers of the English squadron, to the number of eighty or ninety, on board the Couronne. One midshipman who, thinking he was on duty, had been waiting two hours in a boat alongside the Couronne, was seized neck and shoulders by some French officers, who insisted upon his dining with them, and hauled him into the ship; thus the youngster had the extraordinary treat of sharing the officers' grand banquet.

"Simultaneously the French middies (called aspirants) gave a dinner to the English midshipmen on board the Normandie. The entire gun-deck was cleared to set out the tables, and 200 sat down to dinner. 'The health of the Emperor of the French' was proposed by Midshipman Gye."

### THE TOWN AND FORT OF BREST.

In addition to the illustration of the fleet, &c., at Brest, on page 184 we give a general view of the town and port.

Brest proper (thus, &c., the east as Recouvrance is on the west side of the river) is naturally divided into the upper and lower town; in the first, which is the most ancient portion, though containing a considerable number of good modern edifices, the streets are irregular, crooked, and narrow, and the houses so unevenly placed, that the gardens of some are on a level with the fifth stories of adjacent ones. In some places the declivity is so rapid, that the road to the lower town is formed by flights of steps. In the lower town many of the streets near the port are well laid out, clean, and healthy; elsewhere they are quite the reverse. Recouvrance, although improved lately, offers but an unfavourable contrast to Brest. The ramparts which surround the town are planted with trees, and form a pleasant promenade, with fine views toward the harbour. The port, or inner harbour, formed by the mouth of the Penfeld, is lined by good quays adorned with large and handsome stone buildings. It is landlocked, capable of accommodating fifty frigates and other vessels, and is protected by formidable batteries, and by an ancient castle on a rock at its entrance. A large portion of Brest is occupied by marine establishments. It has a noble arsenal established by Louis XIV., excellent docks for building and repairing ships, large rope walks, and various magazines for the stores necessary to the fitting out of a navy, with marine barracks and an hospital. In the upper part of the town is the Bazoche, a building for the reception of convicts sentenced to the galleys; and the largest edifice of its kind in France. It is 277 yards in length; its centre and extremities are occupied by the various officers having charge of the convicts; the intermediate spaces are separated into four divisions, each capable of lodging 500 men.

The outer harbour or road of Brest, is, without any question, one of the finest in the world. It is of great extent, being capable of accommodating the largest navies, and has deep water throughout. The channel, Le Goulet, by which it communicates with the ocean, is only 1,805 yards across, defended on either side by very strong batteries; and it is further strengthened by having a rock in its centre, which obliges ships to pass close under the guns of the batteries. Several small rivers discharge themselves into the outer harbour, by one of which, the Chateaulin, there is a land communication with Nantes.

This town is affirmed by some authorities to be the *Britas* of Ptolemy of the Romans; but of this there is considerable doubt. It was of little consequence till it was fortified by the Duke of Brittany in the eleventh century. It was assigned to the English, in 1372, by John IV., Duke of Brittany, and was held by them till 1397. In 1489 it was taken by the French; and was soon after permanently united to the monarchy by the marriage of Charles VIII. with Anne of Brittany. Cardinal Richelieu, being sensible of its great natural advantages for a naval station, began, in 1631, the construction of the fortifications and magazines, which were completed by Vauban, in 1680. In 1694, an English and Dutch force that had attacked Brest was defeated with great loss. The space included within the fortification was considerably enlarged in 1772.

### THE FRENCH FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH.

The following is a list of the French officers who accompany the French fleet at Spithead:—The Commander-in-Chief of the squadron, Vice-Admiral Count Bouet Willaumerz, whose flag will be hoisted on board the Solferino; Rear-Admiral Baron De la Ronciere, who will be on board the Magenta; Rear-Admiral Fabre De la Mauvrie, on board the Normandie; Rear-Admiral Saisset, on board the Couronne; Rear-Admirals Pothon and Megue. The captains are Captain Chevalier, commanding the Invincible; Captain Ribinet De Pass, Solferino; Captain Bourgeois, chief of the staff of Count Bouet Willaumerz; Captain Miguel De Riu, commanding La Gloire; Captain de Surville, Provence; Captain Sagot Davanroux, Heroine; Captain de Boscawen, Couronne; Captain Le Bris, Magenta; Captain Bachme, Flandre; and Captain Pierre, chief of the staff of Baron de la Ronciere. There are besides four frigates—the Octon, Captain Grivel; the Reine Hortense, Captain Charlemagne; the Ariel, Captain Perier d'Hauterive; and the Faon, commanded by Lieutenant Guys.

The guests invited to the banquet on board the Duke of Wellington did not number more than seventy. The Duke of Wellington was illuminated at the conclusion of the banquet.

### THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

#### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Give flowering plants extra attention, by keeping the struggling ones within proper limits, removing dead leaves, seed pods, &c. Continue to propagate bedding-out plants: Pot or transplant carnations. Plant old stock pinks from pots into borders; also plant seedling polyanthus, and offsets of choice sorts of tulips.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Clear the ground as soon as possible from exhausted stock, root up weeds, and manure the ground well; then get in cabbage, cauliflower, and other spring crops at once. Make a small additional sowing of lettuce, to remain in the seed bed. Thin spinach to six inches apart. Tie up endive for blanching, and pick out from the July sowings. Thin turnips, and protect from slugs by sprinkling root or lime in the morning.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Continue to gather and store apples, pears, &c., on dry days. Go over vines, as advised last week.

### TWO COLOURED PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,

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ILLUSTRATED.

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### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A.M.	P.M.
2	Great fire of London, 1666	11	5 11 40
3	Twelfth Sunday after Trinity		0 10
4	Sun rises, 5h. 18m.; sets, 6h. 40m.	0 38	1 5
5	Old St. Bartholomew	1 28	1 50
6	Montreal captured 1760	2 11	2 33
7	Garibaldi entered Naples, 1862	2 53	3 15
8	Fall of Sebastopol, 1855	3 37	3 57

Moon's Changes.—Full Moon, 5th, 1b. 52m. p.m. Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. 2 Kings 10; Matt. 4. AFTERNOON. 2 Kings 18; 1 Rom. 4.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast Days.—7th, Eusebius, Bishop of Orleans (A.D. 340); 8th, Nativity of Mary the blessed Virgin.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY sent free to any part of the United Kingdom for three pence postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. John Dicks at the Office 313 Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STAMPER EDITION. It is particularly requested that subscribers will send their address in full to prevent misdirection of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their obscurity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

LAYMAN.—The poetical biography is Llandaff; the richest—not including the bishopric of Canterbury—is Llandaff.

G. P.—The introduction of "Sylvester Duggerwood" was written by George Comma, the younger, and appeared at the Haymarket in 1795. Mr. Packer, "Ja. 1871," is the original hero.

STRAKING.—The prohibition of a West light gold was issued in July, 1843. Mr. Straking, the name of the chief of the Royal College of St. Patrick. It was instituted in 1795, and is under the control of a president, a vice-president, &c., and two junior deans.

G. R.—Damascening is the art of ornamenting iron, steel, &c., by making incisions upon the surface of the article, and filling them up with gold or silver wire; chiefly used in enriching sword-blades, locks of pistols, &c., originally procured at Damascus.

J. S.—The original "Miss Salmon's Wax-work Exhibition" stood in Fleet-street, at the east corner of the lane Temple-lane, where, during the latter part of the last century, it was one of the "Lions" of London.

M. P.—The duties of the Lord President of the Council are assigned to the Queen's person to make up the Council, to propose matters from the Queen at the Council, and to report to the Queen the resolution thereupon. For these services he receives a salary of £2,000 a year. The president of the Council is the Marquis of Lansdowne.

HAWK.—Madame Ursin, Signor Bonini, and Signor Tamburini sang together at Drury-lane Theatre in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Monday, July 27th, 1855. It was a fine night.

DOM JUAN.—Lord Byron's grandson died September 1st, 1862. Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, died in the summer of 1860.

SUBSCRIBER.—It would be necessary to prove a promise, in order to sustain an action. If you have appeared in the character of an acknowledged author, and held yourself out to the world as the young lady's friend as her betrothed, a promise would be implied, although you might never have given one directly "by word or correspondence." We cannot help adding, that looking at the case simply as you have presented it to us, it seems rather a needless proceeding to pay such attention to a young lady for eighteen months, as would lead her to believe that you sought her for your wife, and then to desert her.

R. E. T.—Mr. Phelps played Old Drury, in "The Road to Ruin," at the Haymarket Theatre, in September, 1840.

Z. E.—It was King John who demanded 10,000 marks from a Jew of Bristol, and on his refusal, ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every day until he should comply. The Jew lost seven teeth, and then paid the sum required of him.

SAM W.—The "Sketches by Boz" appeared in the evening edition of the Morning Chronicle at the end of 1836 and in 1838.

ENQUIRER.—The character of Abel Draggart in the play of "The Tobacco-mist" founded on Ben Jonson's "Alchemist."

MARY.—Hair may be changed from a red, grey, or other colour, to a brown or deep black, by rubbing it first with a solution of silver in nitric acid, and then with a weak solution of the sulphate of ammonia. This is instantaneous in its effect. It is to be observed that it also stains the skin. Mr. Francis, in his "Dictionary of Practical Receipts," gives the following as good hair-dress:—"Wash the hair with five drops of green walnut, or with the oil of the same, diluted with olive oil. The beetles turn a willow flax hair, but they all stain the skin."

ROMNEY T.—Mr. Moore played Puff in "The Grille" for his own benefit at Drury Lane, May 27th, 1841.

ANTHONY.—Waterloo-bridge is the longest bridge in England, but not in the world. Spain, France, Germany, and the United States of America, all have longer bridges. The longest bridge in the world is at Boston. It is three times the length of Waterloo-bridge, being 3,483 feet long; Waterloo-bridge is 1,242 feet in length. Waterloo-bridge is thus somewhat more than a quarter of a mile in length, while Boston-bridge is upwards of three quarters of a mile.

ROMNEY.—The present Lyceum Theatre was opened Monday, July 14th, 1834. The theatre was built in four months. The pieces on the opening night were "The Yeoman's Daughter," "Owl again To-morrow," and "Amateurs and Actors."

### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THERE was a time when the meeting of the British and French fleets at Spithead would have roused the superstition, or the curiosity, or at least the wit of the world. Old sayings would have emerged like moths into the light, and somebody would have struck out an epigram which might have survived the memory of the occasion itself. All this was likely enough, because there was something to work upon, something behind the scenes, or something in the wind. There was the great and old tradition of national and implacable hostility, as well as utter incompatibility of interests, between England and France. There was some policy on foot, or some present object about which it was supposed the civilized world was greatly interested. In those days, indeed, we went upon very hard lines, so far as regards liberty of speculation and choice. All the choices left to an Englishman was usually some such tangible question as whether the French should be allowed to hold the fortress, or the river, or the frontier, or the island, or the colony they were then holding; and whether the welfare of the human race did not call for their expulsion. The great fact to which the recent magnificent demonstration belongs is one of magnitude enough and importance enough, but not capable of exact description. England and France are two neighbours who, after terrible quarrels and fearful mistakes, after inflicting upon one another the most ruinous injuries, and pulling down one another without the least good to themselves, have at length learnt to respect, to admire, and almost, though not quite, to love one another. They have made the discovery that they really are more like one another than any two other nations, that they are more akin in race, language, social habits, political ideas, and, more than all, political interests, and that, as we say, they ought to be better friends. It is one of the discoveries of the nineteenth century, and how it was found out is a curious chapter of philosophical history. The sum of it is that we have both given up the idea of universal empire, and are content with some more modest and less definable aspirations. What ever the work before us, it is one in which England and France can generally go hand in hand. France has occasionally a little game of her own—so England says; and England has an eye to her material interests—so, at least, says France. But in the Levant, in the Black Sea, in the Baltic, in China, in the Gulf of Mexico, and other regions, England and France have now been brothers in arms by sea and by land, and, in spite of mutual criticism, are not yet tired of the partnership. Perhaps the connexion goes on all the better because there is nothing in black and white, and none of those formalities which are sometimes the pledge of real union, sometimes the substitute for it.

The Canadian delegates who came to England for the purpose of discussing the Confederation scheme with the British Government, say, in their report laid before the Canadian parliament, that they explained the views of their countrymen touching the duties of the mother country to defend her offspring in case of war. They pointed out to the British Government (they say, in their report) that if war should ever unhappily arise between England and the United States, it could only be an imperial war on imperial grounds, and that Canada alone would be exposed to the horrors of invasion. They therefore pointed out that, as they considered, and as Canadians generally consider, their exposed position, far from entailing on them additional burdens, should, on the contrary, secure for them the special and generous consideration of the Imperial Government. In another portion of their report, the delegates state that the result arrived at in their interview with the British Government was, that if the people of Canada undertook the works of defence at the west of Montreal, and agreed to expend, on training their militia until the union of all the provinces was determined, a sum not less than is now expended annually for that service, the British Government would complete the fortifications at Quebec, provide the whole armament for all the works, guarantee a loan for the sum necessary to construct the works undertaken by Canada, and, in the event of war, undertake the defence of every portion of Canada with all the resources of the empire. With regard to the proposition that if war took place between England and the United States, it would only be an imperial war, on imperial grounds, and that, as a necessary consequence, England ought to bear the whole burden of it, there is a good deal to be said. Are we not, in the first place, entitled to deny the accuracy of this curious proposition altogether? Might not England find a war with the United States cast upon her entirely through the conduct of Canada? If Canada knows that the mother country will have to bear the burden of the defence, and fight the battles of her offspring, may not this tend to make the colony less prudent in keeping out of quarrels with the United States than it would otherwise be? But whether Canada is to be attacked on her own account, for hostile acts against the United States, or whether on our account, because we and the United States may chance to fall out upon some totally different question, it is quite obvious that our connexion with the colony will not save her from attack. So far from it, it would be in the one case entirely, and in the other partly, in consideration of our connexion that the United States would attack her. It is not to be supposed that a Power like the United States would suffer Canada to insult or injure her merely because the colony might presume upon the protection of England, whose fleets and armies were 3,000 miles away, while the American armies, much more numerous than ours, and their fleets, which are assuming very formidable dimensions, were on the spot. Suppose that Canada, strong in England's protection, were to bring invasion upon herself by some act which we could not approve or justify, what course should we have to pursue? We should find our colony invaded and our honour compromised, for it would hardly be consistent with honour to desert our colony whom we had led to confide in our protection, or back up our colony when she was in the wrong.

## The Court.

It is understood the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, at Dunrobin Castle, Scotland, this month. Their royal highnesses will make a stay of three or four days.

The ceremony of "inauguration" of the monument erected in honour of the Prince-Consort in the Market-place of Coburg took place on Saturday.

The Queen drove in from Rosenau. Those who are familiar with the sight of her Majesty in England, and saw her in an open carriage as she went past the Schloss-Platz in Coburg, say that she has not for a long time looked in better health, or borne a more cheerful countenance. The change of air has been evidently beneficial.

The monument is entirely her own work. Hers is the choice of the site, of the artist, of the style in which the statue was to be done. All the expenses are defrayed at her own private cost, though she has accepted for that purpose contributions from the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and other members of her family. The King of Prussia and the King of Belgium have supplied bronze cannon, out of which the statue has been cast. The corporation of Coburg have built the pedestal at their own charge.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

For the St. Leger, Gladstour, against whom as much as four hundred to one had been laid in the City, was here almost restored to his former position in the quotations. The Derby was a dead letter. The return below will fully express the tone of the market:—

THE ST. LEGER.—7 to 4 agst Count de Lagrange's Gladstour (off, 2 to 1); 7 to 1 agst Mr. Harlock's Regatta (1); 7 to 1 agst Marquis of Hastings's The Duke (1); 9 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Klarinka (1); 10 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Archimedes (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Cameron's Pease (off).

### AQUATICS.

#### MARGATE REGATTA.

The success of these pleasant gatherings for the celebration of aquatic sports depends very much on the interest felt, and the support accorded, by the municipal authorities and the principal inhabitants of the watering-places in which they are celebrated. It is doubtless to the warm interest taken, and the cordial support accorded, that the Margate regatta owes the creditable position it enjoys as one of the best along the south-east coast. The gathering of Monday was characterized by a judiciously-arranged programme, which was strictly adhered to, a satisfactory prize list, a numerous muster of spectators, and weather which was everything that could be desired. Though somewhat threatening early in the day, the clouds cleared off before the first race began.

The first race, for spritboat boats, was won by the Express; the Northern Belle won the race for four-oared service galleys. The pair-oared race for amateurs was won by the Snowdrop; that of third class luggers, by the Providence. The fifth race for four-oared racing galleys was won by the Brothers, of Hastings. The Coastguard match was won by the Broadstairs men. A scullers' match was gained by the Eleanor. The Ladies' Purse was won by the Brothers, of Hastings.

The concluding match of the regatta was one which, considering the importance of every man being able to swim, it would be well to see imitated at every regatta. Mr. Jno. Whitehouse, an optician, of Coventry-street, presented a valuable telescope, to which other prizes were added by the committee for the second and third men, for a swimming match, from the committee boat to the jetty head, a distance of nearly 300 yards. The competitors who entered were over twenty years, named Robert Harman, Robert Brookman, James Rowe, Henry Jones, and William Parker. Four started. On the signal gun being fired, the competitors dived together. Robert Harman and John Brookman took the water in the best form, and emerged with a lead of the other two. After a few strokes Harman went to the front, and maintained a lead for 100 yards. He was then challenged by Brookman, who, after a spirited tussle, took first place. Falling in with wind, however, from the exertions involved in this successful sport, he foundered forward lost ground, until Harman pulled even and at last went ahead, coming in a winner by fifteen yards. William Parker won the third prize, being forty yards in rear of the second man.

After the swimming match, there was an aquatic pig scramble in the harbour, which was productive of something more than the usual amount of fun.

As a wind-up, after nightfall there was a brilliant display of fireworks on the Upper Marine-terrace-green, the gift of Frederick Hodges, Esq., the gentleman who, in the metropolis, is known by his volunteer fire brigade organization.

### THE WAR AT CAPE COLONY.

RECENT accounts from the Cape of Good Hope state that hostilities had broken out between the burghers of the Orange Free State and the Basuto chief, Mosheeh. Since the settlement of the boundary line, the Boers, by their overbearing tone and harsh conduct, had irritated the Basutos and provoked hostilities. Demands were made upon Mosheeh and his son, Mollapo, which were considered to be unreasonable. These demands were disregarded, and the immediate result was the proclamation of war by the Boers. The Basutos were prepared, and, not willing to be attacked, became the assailants, and by their incursions upon the Free State one of its districts had already become devastated. Every farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Smithfield had been burnt down and many Boers were killed. One hundred thousand sheep and large droves of horned cattle had been captured by the Basutos and driven across Oaledon in Basutoland. Though war had been deliberately proclaimed the inhabitants of the Free State seemed ill-prepared for a severe struggle. Upon the proclamation of war by the Boers reaching Cape Town the governor warned the colonists against taking any part in the struggle. A body of Basutos, under David Mascofa, son of Mosheeh, had murdered all the men and male children of a tribe of bastard half-castes under a flag of truce, taking away a large number of women. They left sixty-seven women and the female children without food or clothing. The Basutos had shown the same spirit to the Boers, massacring all the men and male children who were captured.

The President of Transvaal had urged his men to proceed to the assistance of the Free State, and a great many started, together with a large number of Dutch farmers from Cape Colony.

The latest news from the Free State announced that the Boers had routed a large body of Basutos, and recovered a considerable quantity of stock.

We give, on page 185, a sketch of one of the last engagements, when the Basutos were routed.

### THE WAR IN MEXICO.

DESPATCHES from Mexico give an account of a skirmish between the Imperialists and Juaristas near Matamoros, in which the latter were defeated after a sharp fight, a sketch of which will be found on page 185. Guerrillas are still very troublesome in Mexico, especially upon the road between Monterey and the capital, and in the northern provinces. Three of these robbers had been hanged at Guadalajara, and two were under sentence of death at Yaocatan.

### CHARGE OF CONSPIRING TO DEFRAUD.

It will be remembered that some days back Mr. Heath, the Consul-General for Italy, attended at the Mansion House for the purpose of exposing a system of fraud which was practised upon persons of wealth and distinction residing abroad and on the Continent, who received letters emanating from firms in London calling themselves agents, informing them that the writers were in possession of some article or package addressed to them, and supposed to contain something of great value, which they (the parties) had received from their correspondents, either in America or some other distant part, and which parcel would be forwarded upon receipt of a cheque or post-office order for the expenses, which were quoted at about £8. Mr. Heath produced some letters which were signed "Mallet and Co." A few days following the Spanish Consul sent an intimation to his lordship that he had received some similar letters from Spain, bearing a different signature, and the articles were in that case stated to have been forwarded to them from Rio Janeiro. The matter was in the hands of Detective-sergeant Foulger, who was making inquiries, and through his exertions a man and woman, supposed to belong to the same gang, were placed at the bar of the Mansion House, in custody of Sergeant Foulger and Jenkinson, another officer, by whom they were apprehended. They gave their names as Louis Gordon and Angelina Gordon, having no occupation, and residing at 41, Whiskin-street, Clerkenwell, the charge against them being for having conspired with others unknown in obtaining, on the 21st inst., a post-office order, No. 88, for 100*l.*, with intent to defraud one Valerio Castelbini of his moneys.

The male prisoner is a Frenchman, and could not speak or understand English. The female prisoner, who he said was his wife, is an Englishwoman of rather prepossessing appearance.

Mr. G. B. Heath, the Consul-General for Italy, and Mr. Juan Garcia, the Consul-General for Spain, were on the bench during the examination.

The first witness called was Mary Ashley, who said she was the wife of Mr. John Ashley, a builder, at 30, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square. She knew both the prisoners. She saw the male prisoner on the 4th May, when he took a bedroom. He was accompanied by another man. He took the bedroom that day, but she did not see anything of him for a night, when he called and said there would be letters come there, and asked her to take great care of them. Prisoner wrote his name and address, and she asked him the name of the party who was with him. Prisoner wrote the name of "Rhubulet and Co. 13, Princess-road, Chelsea." He wrote also the name of "Durant" which he said was his friend's name. He told her he would call again in a few days, and she was to take great care of the letters. He called a few days after, and there were then a number of letters—twenty, or perhaps more—addressed to "Rhubulet and Co., agents." She gave them to the prisoner. She saw that they were nearly all foreign letters. There were a great many of the letters registered. He told her when the letters arrived there would be sometimes money or valuable property in them. She told him her husband did not allow her to sign for anything. He wished her to sign for them. She told the postman, who told her that if she signed for "Rhubulet and Co.," the prisoner must sign to her, and she told the prisoner what the postman had said, and made him sign for them, and he made no objection. Registered letters arrived frequently after that, and the prisoner signed for them all. The male prisoner took the female prisoner about last Thursday week. He told her the day before he would bring his wife the following day, and she was to give up to her the letters that came for him when she called for them, and she would sign the papers for the registered letters. Witness produced a list of registered letters on which the male prisoner had written his signature several times, and the female was to insert against each signature the number of letters she received. There were twenty-three letters in all signed for, and there were still three signatures left blank. The female prisoner received the letters on the last three occasions—namely, the 19th, 21st, and 22nd of August, and received eight letters. Witness said they were all letters from abroad, and all addressed to "Wm. Rhubulet and Co., agents, 20, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square." There was no business done there, and, with one exception, nothing but letters was left there, and then a parcel containing samples of wine was brought from 15, Gracechurch-street, which her husband refused to take in.

Mr. Boyce said he was a carpenter and builder, 41, Gray's-inn-road. He let out part of his house—second floor back. He knew both the prisoners. The male prisoner went to him on the 20th June, and asked if he could let an apartment. He said he should not want to occupy it, but should only want it to receive letters. He did not object to the bed in the room. Witness understood him to be a sort of ship-agent, but did not give his card. The prisoner wrote down two references but witness had not them with him. The prisoner wrote down his own name, "O. H. Rigden." Letters began to arrive, seven or eight in the morning and about the same in the evening. Some were addressed "O. H. Rigden" and some "O. H. Rigden and Co., agents." Witness knew all the letters were foreign, and they appeared to come from all parts of the Continent. They continued to arrive up to the previous day. The prisoner sometimes called alone and sometimes with the female prisoner. At first the prisoner called every day, but afterwards the letters were not quite so numerous, and he called every other day. He took the female prisoner about a fortnight after he engaged the rooms and introduced her as his wife and said she was to receive the letters. There had been seventeen registered letters and ninety-four unregistered, and also four parcels, which were delivered by a railway porter, and which appeared from their weight to contain money. They came from abroad, but he did not know where. He gave one of the parcels to the male prisoner, but he did not recollect about the others. They signed for them and he had the receipts at home. When the prisoner called for the letters witness said they did not remain more than three minutes. No writing was done in the "office." Neither of the prisoners ever went up.

Theodore Foulger, detective sergeant, said he was engaged with other officers in investigating the case. On the previous evening he saw the prisoner leave No. 41, Whiskin-street, Clerkenwell. He was with Jenkinson and two other officers, and told the prisoner they were police officers, and were going to arrest him for having defrauded several gentlemen in various parts of the Continent, and particularly in having defrauded Mr. Valerio Castelbini of 100*fr.* by sending letters to him, representing that he had property of value to remit. The prisoner appeared not to understand him, and he took him back to 41, Whiskin-street, and searched the place. He found a quantity of papers, and among them was a letter he produced, addressed to Wm. Rhubulet and Co., Grafton-street, and one to O. H. Rigden and Co., Gray's-inn-road. He also found various other letters addressed to the same parties, one of which contained 400 postage stamps, addressed to Messrs. Rhubulet and Co., Grafton-street. They were foreign postage stamps, and represented about £4. The letter was from Mallet, in Spain. Witness found various letters from abroad, addressed to the various names in which the prisoner had been going. He also found a Madrid directory, and he believed about 15,000 letters had been sent abroad. He found a number of letters with the name of Gordon and Co. When he got back to Whiskin-street he apprehended the female prisoner. She told him she was his wife, and was married in Paris, but she would not say where. He told her it might make a difference to her if she were his wife, but she would not tell him. He found on her £11 16*s.*, and in a purse of the prisoner's which was in the room he found some postage stamps, some duplicates, and a £5 bank note, and a flash note on the "Bank of Love" for £5. Witness said he had nearly a hun-

dredweight of papers which had to be translated. Some of the names that have been assumed by the parties were Gerald Samsou and Co., Rogers and Co., Rigden and Co., Rhubulet and Co., Gordon and Co., W. Smith and Co., and Christie and Co. Witness said he had no doubt if a remand were granted he should be able to make the case clearer against the prisoners, and should no doubt be able to obtain some of the letters which have been sent abroad, to which those found are replies.

When asked if they had any questions to put, the male prisoner said the flash note was sent to him in a letter, and he had no intention of passing it.

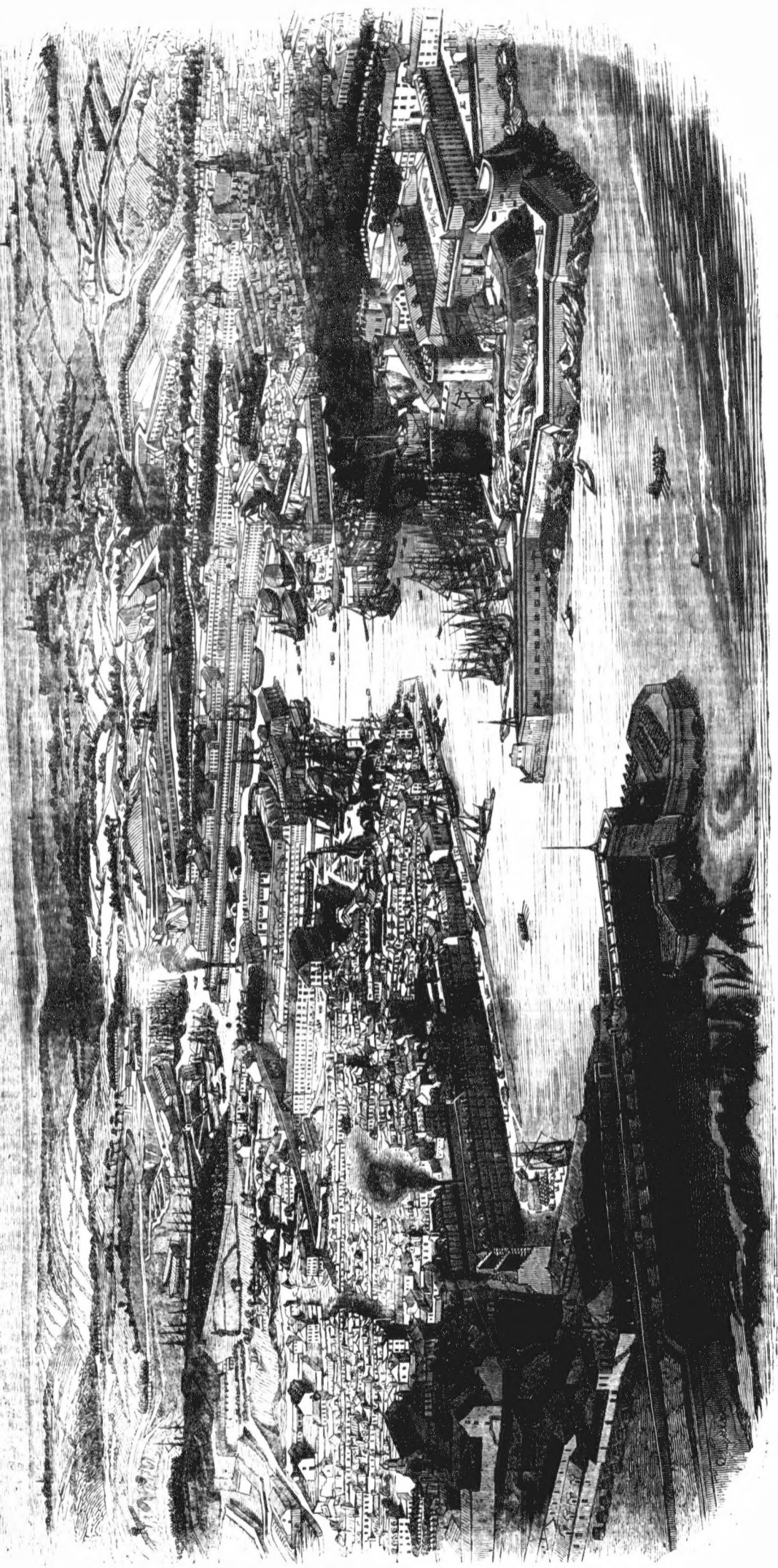
The prisoners were remanded for a week.

From information that has been received there appears no doubt that the prisoners and their accomplices had carried on a very successful system of fraud, there being no doubt from the number of registered letters that have been taken for them at different places at which they have engaged rooms that they have received money to a very considerable amount.

### TERRIBLE SCENE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

A TERRIBLE scene was witnessed at San Francisco on the 7th of July. A desperado, named Mulligan, had been drinking hard, and the result apparently was an attack of delirium tremens. He was staying at the St. Francisco Hotel, and on the morning of the 7th he fired from his room into a house opposite, but without injuring any one. The police attempted to enter his room, but it was locked and barricaded, and the madman warned them not to force their way in, threatening to shoot the first man who should enter. A good deal of time was spent in parleying with him, and at length upon an officer attempting to get in from a balcony through the window, he was fired upon and forced to beat a retreat. Mulligan now came upon the balcony, and no one for a time would venture near him. At length one M. Nabb, who recently committed a murder but was pardoned, ascended the stairs. He was fired at by Mulligan and killed. The remainder of the story is thus told by a local paper:—James K. Atting went upon the roof with a well-known Catholic clergyman, and attempted to descend through the skylight, but Mulligan ran into the third storey, and fired at Atting, barely missing him, and they were compelled to retreat also. Special Officer Dennison at this time got to the head of the stairs with a glass of brandy, which he asked Mulligan to drink, but the latter covered him with his pistol, and shouting, "Go down, there! go down, quick! for God's sake go quick!" &c., compelled him to retreat, leaving the glass standing on the floor at the head of the stairs. Officers Ellis and McMillan also attempted to ascend the stairs soon after, but were driven back in the same manner, and soon after they started diagonally across the street toward the north-east corner of Deponet and Clay, when Mulligan, running to a front window, opened it and fired, as is supposed, at them. The ball took effect in the bosom of John Hart, who stood in the crowd, killing him on the spot. Meantime, Captain Lees had been consulting with District Attorney Porter as to Mulligan, representing him truly as a wild beast, whose every minute's existence endangered the lives of peaceful men. Mr. Porter advised the use of every effort to capture him alive, and a day in resorting to extreme measures was made accordingly. This delay cost Hart his life. Mulligan had now drank off the contents of a tumbler of brandy which had been left on the stairs by Dennison, and Captain Lees resorted to the measure of mixing a cocktail with a liquor which would have overpowered and stupefied the drinker in a few minutes, and got to the door at the foot of the stairs with it, urging Mulligan to let him come up. Mulligan, however, was more furious than ever, and a long parley ensued, Mulligan holding the pistol pointed down the stairway, and calling out repeatedly, "Go! go quick! leave there!" &c., assuring Lees that he did not wish to kill him, but would do so if he did not get away. Other officers made attempts to get into the building to capture him, but all failed, as Mulligan was thoroughly on his guard, and would not be caught unawares. At length walls Lees and others were parleying with him from the bottom of the stairs, Mulligan stepped quickly to the Clay-street front, through a narrow passage way leading between two rooms, to the balcony, and opening the window, was stepping out with his pistol raised, with the evident intention of firing into the crowd again, when Officer Hopkins, who stood in the window of the building opposite, seeing that no time was to be lost, raised his musket and fired. The bullet struck Mulligan in the left temple, and he was dead in an instant. The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

DEATH IN DRUNKENNESS.—The Sheffield magistrates were occupied for several hours on Saturday, in hearing a charge against Thomas Copestake, beerhouse keeper and ex-police officer, of murdering his wife. The evidence showed that the deceased met a dreadful death by violence at the hands of some person and suspicion has from the first rested upon the prisoner. About twelve years ago he was a member of the Sheffield police force, and left to become the tenant of a beerhouse. The prisoner and his wife appear to have lived unhappily together for several years past, in consequence of her drinking habits, and she was frequently seen bearing marks of his violence, in the shape of black eyes and bruises of other kinds. On Wednesday, the 9th instant, the deceased went to the county court in the morning, and on her return, after an absence of an hour or two, she indulged freely in drink, and at five o'clock was intoxicated. At half-past seven she was insensibly drunk, and in that condition was carried to bed by two women, named Kitson and Hall. They laid her upon a bed in a room over the bar, and when they left her to sleep off her intoxication, not the slightest trace of injury appeared upon her person. The bed was not more than a foot high; and the only other article of furniture in the room was a chair. When the two women came down stairs they left the house, leaving in it a girl of twelve years, named Emily Rose (the sister of Kitson), and a man and a woman whom they did not know. Shortly after ten o'clock the prisoner came home and asked Rose where his wife was, and upon being told that she was up-stairs, he took a candle and went into the bedroom. On his return, in a quarter of an hour, into the bar, he spoke to the girl Rose, and then went out for a short time. While he had been up-stairs the girl's attention was attracted by her hearing what she described as "a slight bump" on the floor over her head, but she thought nothing of the circumstance. At a quarter to eleven Mrs. Kitson returned, and the prisoner said to her that his wife had got hurt, as he believed by falling out of bed, and he added, "That he thought she had been drugged." Mrs. Kitson did not go into the bedroom that night. Directly afterwards the prisoner went to the house of Mrs. Ann Ogley, and asked her to go and see his wife. Mrs. Ogley returned to his house with him, and on going into the front bedroom she saw Mrs. Copestake lying partly under the bed in a pool of blood. She bathed her head, and endeavoured to restore her to consciousness; but beyond the scanty attentions of this woman nothing seems to have been done until the following morning, when Mr. Dibb, surgeon, was sent for. After death Mr. Dibb made an examination of the body, and found that death had been caused by the effusion of blood upon the brain. There was a large wound at the back of the head which had been caused by some blunt instrument, and the concussion produced by the blow had caused an effusion of blood upon the front of the brain. The toe of the boot which the prisoner was wearing corresponded exactly with the indentation at the back of the skull. The evidence of the surgeon showed that the fatal wound could not have been caused by a fall. The magistrates felt great doubt as to the mode of procedure, but eventually they committed the prisoner for manslaughter, leaving it to the judge of assize to order a trial for murder if thought necessary.



THE COMBINED FLEETS AT BREST.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, FORTIFICATIONS, TOWN, &c. (See page 182.)



THE MEXICAN WAR.—SKIRMISH BETWEEN IMPERIALISTS AND JUARISTS, NEAR MATAMORAS. (See page 183.)



THE WAR AT CAPE COLONY.—DEFEAT OF THE BASUTO BY THE BOERS. (See page 183.)

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—Mr. Alfred Mellon's promenade concert continues to attract large audiences. During the past week Miss Carlotta Patti has appeared, much to the delight of her numerous admirers. The attractions from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" have proved highly attractive. Thursday was a Mozart night; and on Saturday is to be a special volunteer night.

**HAYMARKET.**—Mr. Walter Montgomery's benefit on Tuesday evening last drew together a numerous and fashionable audience. "The Bonnie Fishwife" was performed first, followed by "The Lady of Lyons," and concluding with the burlesque of "Ixion."

**OLYMPIC.**—In Mr. Tom Taylor's drama of "The Serf," which continues to precede the last new burlesque of "Osmarizaman," a change has taken place in the cast. Miss Kate Terry having withdrawn herself from the company, to enjoy, we may presume, a little well-earned rest and recreation, Miss Lydia Foote has been substituted as the Countess de Maudslow, whilst Mr. H. J. Montague has superseded Mr. Coghlan as the friendly Misticigra. Miss Foote sustains the part thus entrusted to her with much graceful tenderness, and Mr. Montague effectively supplies the place of his predecessor.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Butterworth's Christy Minstrels are still giving their entertainment here under Mr. Edgar's auspices. The entertainment is, as usual, in three parts. Sentimental effusions have the first turn, though these are pleasantly diversified by facetiousness, both sung and spoken. Between the inevitable weeping and wailing narratives concerning dear departed ones, Mr. D. Brown and Mr. O. Baller, the "bones" and "tambourine," introduce an amusing burlesque sketch, describing a trial of vocal skill before an umpire. This enlivens the first part, and is received with particular favour. Mr. W. Turner (who afterwards gives an exceedingly clever "bone solo") takes the solo verses of "The little one that died," and Mr. T. Nuttall performs the same duty in "His hard to leave my home." "Have you seen the elephant?" by Mr. Buller and chorus in singularly quaint character. Mr. T. Bridge is the "soprano" of the company, and gives much satisfaction in "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer." Mr. Hayes is tenor soloist, and sings the favourite song, "Snowball Jackson." Mr. T. Nuttall gives the death of "Abraham Lincoln." Master Albert West's accomplishments are various, and comprise jig dancing, break-down ditty, singing, and "side-drumming." Mr. G. Christy personates female character, and sings the solo parts in the concerted music. Mr. Charles Blamphin's harp performance is deservedly greeted with vociferous approbation. The dramatic capabilities of the troupe are shown in a burlesque "Ghost" sketch concluding the first part, and again in an opera called "The String of Pearls." It contains a young lady in short petticoats, a rifle volunteer, a black Irishman, an eccentric conductor (of the orchestra), a stolid gentleman in velvet, and other incongruous elements. Another comic fragment concludes the entertainment, and is called "A Nigger in a Sack; or, A Postman in a Fix." Mr. D. Brown is a prominent performer in this well-chosen finish to the programme.

**VICTORIA.**—This theatre was re-opened on Saturday evening last, and Messrs. Borton and Frampton must be complimented for the good taste shown in all the very extensive alterations. The theatre is entirely re-decorated, the old chocolate colour having given place to green and gold. The lobbies are repapered and varnished, the private boxes refitted, and the gallery divided, sixpence being the price of admission to that part nearest the stage. Orchestra stalls (a hundred cushioned chairs) are also added, and everything has been done to render the theatre more comfortable than before. The house was crowded, and the first piece was a new Irish drama, by Mr. Henry Everett, called "Roger O'Hare; or, the Lost Will," the plot of which we subjoin. Roger O'Hare (Mr. Henry Forrester) is a wild young scapegrace, and one of our certain "boys" who work an illegal whiskey distillery somewhere in the Irish mountains. His dead father's will and certificate of marriage with Mary O'More, his mother (Mrs. W. Daly), is stolen by an emissary of Van Derriks (Mr. Howard), a rascally lawyer, and is dishonestly retained by that "old blagard." Roger loves Ellen Garvie (Miss Maria Daly), daughter of Farmer Garvie (Mr. B. Marchant), who designs her for the lawyer, and prohibits the young man's suit. Shaun Beg (Mr. N. D. Graham) is Roger's best friend, and Andy Gough (Mr. Mortimer Murdoch), his enemy, and his rival with Ellen. Roger, as a last resource, carries off Ellen to save her from marriage with the lawyer, but is arrested by the English soldiers for defrauding the customs, and incarcerated in a gaol-house, presided over by Captain Catwelder (Mr. J. Bradshaw), an officer partial to good whiskey. Shaun Beg gets himself apprehended by the soldiers, and being brought before the captain shows his powers of blarney and ingenuity in effecting his own and his friend's escape. Roger is now a fugitive, and his sweetheart, Ellen, on her way to their last meeting is molested by Andy, and saved from insult by Lord Rosstown (Mr. F. Thomas), an amateur artist in search of the picturesque, who immediately becomes Roger's friend, and accompanies him to the "still house." Ellen and Peggy Goggia (Miss Fanny Morgan) are also there, and during a fight with the military Andy's followers carry off Ellen, and her lover is injured while defending the lawyer from the "boys." The fourth act commences with Roger and Andy both prisoners in Castle Carrig. The faithful Shaun, from the depths below, throws up a file, a rope, and a knife, as he thinks to Roger, who is locked in a room above that containing Andy and his friend, Ned Keegan (Mr. Neavey). Roger reaches the lower room, and is being overpowered by his rival, when Shaun dashes in and once more effects his liberation. Andy is wounded, and reaches his lair in the mountain, where he finds the lawyer and poor Ellen awaiting his pleasure. The unfortunate legal gentleman is plundered by Andy of the long lost will and certificate, after which he is thrown down a precipice as a spy. Andy is again about to insult the helpless Ellen, when Roger rushes in and struggles with his enemy for the papers. Andy, finding himself beaten in this encounter, passes the will to Shaun (who has crept in unperceived) in mistake for one of his own men, and then tries to escape. He is shot by the red coats and falls over the rocks. The general happiness is then immediately secured and the curtain falls. The applause liberally bestowed throughout the piece, and the enthusiasm shown in favour of the various effective situations proclaimed the genuine success of Mr. Everett's drama. Mr. H. Forrester made his first appearance here, and played the hero with a heartiness and buoyancy constantly acknowledged by the audience. Mr. Graham's Shaun was a quiet and unaffectedly humorous personation. Mr. F. Thomas, the remaining new comer, was also successful as Lord Rosstown. Mr. Mortimer Murdoch delineated the rascally Andy with considerable melodramatic effect; and Mr. James Howard performed the cowardly old lawyer with his usual care. Miss Daly had the pathetic interest to herself, and did everything possible for the character. Miss Fanny Morgan was pliant and graceful as Peggy; and Mrs. Daly's experience as an actress was shown in the slight character of the Widow O'Hare. The drama will, doubtless, have a prosperous run.

**PAVILION.**—Mr. Henry Powell opened his winter season on Saturday evening last, with the drama of "The Poor of London," a piece that has had a lengthened run at most of the Esplanade places of amusement. All the characters were well rendered in the drama, which has had a local interest given to it by the principal scenes and situations being fixed to take place in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel. Thus, "Mile-end-gate on a Snowy Night," was recognised with hearty greeting. The ill-named banker,

Mr. Gideon Bludford, was ably represented by Mr. C. Cooke, (from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh); Badger, his confidential clerk, by Mr. Henry Powell; Captain Fairweather, by Mr. Vivash (who made his re-appearance at the theatre after some months' absence); his son, by Mr. Henry Ashton (from the Leicester Theatre); Mark Livingstone, by Mr. J. S. Fox; Puffy, by Mr. J. W. Lawler (from the Theatre Royal, Liverpool); Mrs. Fairweather, by Miss Eliza Neil (from the Theatre Royal, Bristol); Alice Bludford (the banker's daughter), by Miss Clara Lee (from the Theatre Royal, Sheffield); and Lucy Fairbrother, by Miss Nelly Gordon; the minor parts being also respectively filled by Messrs. J. Benson, Allbrook, Allen, Sylvian, Burgess, W. Archer, and Mrs. Burton. "A house on fire" was capitalised represented, and the drama altogether was admirably performed. The comic drama of "A Trip to India" concluded the entertainments. The house was very well attended.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE will re-open on Monday evening next. During the recess, the house has been entirely re-decorated.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.—By command of her Majesty these gardens were opened free to the public on Saturday last in commemoration of the forty-sixth anniversary of the birthday of the late Prince Consort, the founder of the gardens. During the first hour the number of visitors did not reach three thousand. Towards one o'clock, however, the various approaches to the gardens were becoming thronged with passengers. The programme issued for the occasion was particularly attractive as regards music. Throughout the morning the bands of the 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (Blue), 29th (North Middlesex) R.V., 15th (London Scottish) R.V., and the A and B Divisions of police, played some pleasing selections; and in the afternoon those of the Grenadier Guards, 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers, 1st City of London R.V., 48th (Havock's) R.V., the Duke of York's school, and the F, G, and I Divisions of Police entertained the company. The gardens themselves appeared to afford much pleasure; and the visitors seemed bent upon enjoying themselves. The place closed at seven, previous to which the whole of the company sang "God Save the Queen." The total number of visitors during the day amounted to

Mr. DALMON GRACE, the favourite American comedian, and his companion artist, Mr. Thomas M. Keon, are engaged for the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, and will make their appearance early in October.

THE ALHAMBRA.—A new ballet has been produced here, introducing a number of skaters in a magnificent Russian scene. It has proved highly attractive.

THE MIDDLESEX.—Mr. F. Smith, the out-door manager of this favourite music hall, takes his benefit on Wednesday evening next, as usual, he has put forth a monster bill, embracing all the principal music hall talent in the metropolis. There is no doubt but he will have a crowded house.

MISS FANNY REEVES and Mr. Elliot Galer, with a small but efficient company, will produce a new comic opera this evening (Saturday) at the NEW ROYALTY, entitled "Castle Grim;" also brought a burlesque of "Prince Anabel."

THE STRAND will re-open the last week of the present month. The alterations and improvements, we hear, are on an extensive scale.

MR. NELSON LEE.—This veteran pantomime writer, and well-known organiser of *fetes* and public amusements, takes his annual benefit at the Crystal Palace, on Monday week, the 11th inst. We have long had the satisfaction of attending *fetes* under Mr. Nelson Lee's management; and now that the directors of the Crystal Palace have granted this special day to one who has catered so well to the amusements there, we feel assured that the day, whether wet or dry, will be one of the most attractive of the season.

MR. SOTHERN has been playing an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, to the following almost unheard-of prices:—Dress circle stalls, 10s.; dress boxes 7s. 6d.; half the pit, at 4s.; other half, at 2s.; and gallery, 1s. The houses, nevertheless, were literally crammed, the orchestra playing on the stage, and the musicians' seats coolly sold at 7s. 6d. a piece.

MISS BATEMAN.—This talented and popular young actress, previous to her departure for America, will appear before provincial audiences at the Theatres Royal, Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, and Manchester. Miss Bateman's tour will commence at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on September 4th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Foresters of the London district have been rather unlucky this year in their festival arrangements. Their "great day" at the Crystal Palace, on the 15th instant, was a dismal wet one, and the *fete* was proportionately a failure. In consequence of this the directors of the company allowed all outstanding tickets to be available on Monday, but again the elements were unfavourable. The morning was so wet and unfavourable that the total number of visitors to the Palace throughout the day was but 9,157. On Tuesday, there was a large gathering of the National Temperance League; and on Wednesday and Thursday, the great attraction was the autumn show of fruit and flowers.

ANTONIO GIUGLINI.—The last thing possible has been done in behalf of this most unfortunate artist, who is now in a *maison de santé* at Fano, his native town. No hope whatever remains, his reason having fled beyond recall, and thus a few short years have sufficed to work out the story of a life full of promise, and full of that honour which is within the grasp of all gifted workers in the art world. Here, in England, Giuglini's greatest triumphs were duly celebrated, and amongst us his name became closely identified with everything pure in voice and style. Forebodings were at first chequered by anticipations that time might restore him to perfect health, but the clouds again came up in heavier masses, and kept back every ray of light. Giuglini has not so far "descended into the vale of years" as to have reached middle life, but while comparatively young, and in full possession of his exquisite voice, is bereft of reason, and sent back to his native country, a broken man. For him the cares and anxieties of artist existence are definitively over. It may be that memories (all the more acute from being but occasionally felt) sometimes fit across his wrecked and shattered mind, but the expectation of ever seeing him again is no longer to be indulged in by the most sanguine. Reports, bearing the aspect of probability, have already been, and beyond doubt will be, constantly circulated regarding the lost tenor, who is really in worse health than when he left this country. A considerable sum (as much as £200) is said to have resulted from the last benefit organized in his behalf. His creditors have not, it would seem, derived any advantage therefrom; and, however much common report may vary on this head, it is a source of gratification to know that every care will be taken of Giuglini, and every comfort be procured for him to the last of his (we fear) rapidly declining days. One of the strongest instincts of human nature is love of home, and a wish to sleep the last sleep among our own kindred is common to us all. Whether the day is near or distant for Giuglini's journey in this life to end, he will, at all events, be surrounded by his family and friends, and not close his eyes in a land of strangers.—*Eva*

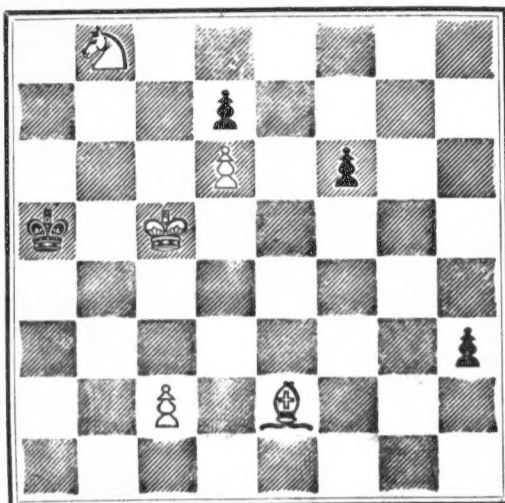
MR. FELIX ROGERS and Miss JENNY WILMORE will perform at the Adelphi Theatre until the return of Mr. Toole.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Colonel Sicore has reached his 150th representation of his marvels in magic and ventriloquism. His extraordinary performances have lost none of their attractiveness.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Two separate entertainments are still carried on under the roof of this hall. Professor Anderson, with his world of magic, in conjunction with Mr. F. Maccoose, in "Begone Dull Care," are in one hall; and the O. C. C. Christy's Minstrels are in another. Both entertainments will be found well worthy of a visit.

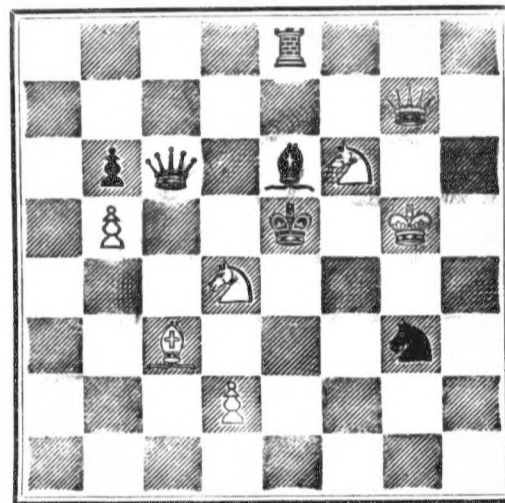
## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 290.—By Mr. E. WARD.  
Black.



White to move, and mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 291.—By T. B.  
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 277.

- | White.                                       | Black.            |
|--|-------------------|
| 1. R to Q 3 (ch)                             | 1. K moves        |
| 2. R to K 5 (ch)                             | 2. K takes Kt (a) |
| 3. R to K 5 (ch)                             | 3. K moves        |
| 4. R to K 5 (dis ch)                         | 4. "              |
| 5. R mates                                   |                   |
|  | (a)               |
| 3. P takes Q                                 | 2. Q takes R      |
| 4. P exchanges for a R, and mates next move. | 3. P to Q Kt 4    |

D. W.—We do not know with what object you have placed a Knight in the position forwarded by you. As the problem at present stands, the Knight can effect mate on the third move; whereas if it be removed, your idea can still be carried out.

J. G.—We have examined the batch of problems with which you have favoured us, but we are unable to make use of any of them. They have been returned to you as requested.

W. J. DIXON.—We have not been able to discover any flaw in Problem No. 272. 1. K to K 6 is of no avail.

OXON.—See answer in No. 97 to W. Kemp, in reply to a precisely similar question on the subject of the Pawn taking en passant.

THE Ven. Richard Charles Coxe, vicar of Eglingham, Northumberland, and Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, died at the vicarage, Eglingham. Archdeacon Coxe, who was sixty-six years of age, was preferred to the Archdeaconry of Lindisfarne by Dr. Longley, when Bishop of Durham. He was a divine of considerable literary attainments, and was held in great esteem in the diocese of Durham.

FROM Kingstown it is reported that a lady travelling from London to Ireland lost her purse, containing not less than £1,000, a £500 draft on the Union Bank, London, and the balance in French paper money and English gold and notes. She is uncertain whether she had the purse when coming on board the steamer at Holyhead.

THE following notice was posted at Lloyd's on Saturday, from the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, respecting the future operations in respect to the Atlantic cable:—"It is not intended to send out the Great Eastern to repair the cable during the present season; but she will immediately commence her refittings to enable her to take in a new cable, and will proceed to sea in May or June, next year, for the purpose of laying a new cable, and to resuscitate the present one in connexion with that in operation."

ON Sunday, considerable excitement was created in the neighbourhood of Kew, in consequence of the suicide of a gentleman whose name is at present unknown. Deceased was found hanging by a rope to a branch of a tree near Kew Gardens. The unfortunate man was cut down, and surgical assistance sent for, but life proved to be extinct.

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—(Advertisement.)

EXHIBITION! EXHIBITION! FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES For every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 148, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—(Advertisement.)

# Law and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

### MAYOR'S HOUSE.

**ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—Two young women, named Elizabeth Ann Spence and Ann Lander, were brought before the Lord Mayor, on a charge of having attempted to commit suicide. About one o'clock in the morning the former was found sitting on a flight of steps on the Surrey side of London-bridge, and within a few yards of the Thames. The officer on duty went to her, and was making some inquiries about her absence from home at such an hour, when she endeavored to pass him, and made a rush towards the river. He seized her and asked her what she meant. She replied that she wanted to drown herself, that she had no friends, and that she had nothing in the world worth living for. She now sobbed bitterly, and said she was very sorry she had made the attempt. The Lord Mayor sent her for a week to prison, in order that she might be seen by the chaplain. The evidence against Lander was that she lived at Victoria-church, Stepney, and that she called at the Police station in Bishopsgate-street, at a late hour on the previous night, and requested to be looked up for discharges. She was placed in a cell, and very shortly afterwards she was discovered lying on the floor, with a handkerchief tied tightly round her neck. She had taken off her bonnet and shoes, and fastened them round her neck in such a manner as to produce insensibility. If timely assistance had not arrived, death would most probably have ensued. Medical assistance was called in, and it was fully half an hour before she was restored to complete consciousness. She then stated that she was determined to put an end to her existence; that she was separated from her husband, and living with another man; and that the latter had seen her worse for liquor, and that she was afraid to go home for fear he would beat her. In reply to the Lord Mayor, the prisoner said she did not wish her husband to know anything about her. The Lord Mayor advised her to communicate with her husband, and released her for a week.

**ROBBING CHILDREN IN THE STREET.**—A girl, who has not yet attained her fourteenth year, named Elizabeth Johnston, of King-street, Finsbury, was brought up on a charge of having robbed several children in the street of small sums of money with which they had been sent out to buy tea and other necessaries for their parents. The youthful complainants, two girls and a boy, aged respectively six, seven, and eight, stood upon chairs in the body of the court while making their statements. The eldest of these, Mary Woodhouse, of Craney-square, Bishopsgate-street, was sent out by her mother with a sum of 1s. 7d., which she held in her hand, to purchase some groceries; and when she was passing through Bell-alley, she met the prisoner, who entered into some conversation with her about her mother, and told her there was a woman going to Bishopsgate-street who was taking little children away with her. Prisoner then used the complainant to give her the 1s. 7d., in order that the money might be rolled up in a handkerchief for greater security against the kidnapping woman. The handkerchief was then returned to the complainant, and the prisoner left. When the handkerchief was opened it was found to contain only one penny, and by this fraud the prisoner, of course, was the gainer by 1s. 6d. The statements by the two other children were precisely to the same effect. The prisoner had pretended to wrap up their little money, consisting of 8d. in the one case and 9d. in the other, which, when opened, were found to contain only a penny each. The prisoner's father had stepped forward and said she was in the habit of luring in the streets when going to a tailor's establishment with clothes she had been making, and she had no doubt fallen into bad company. She was a tall, thin girl, and if her lordship would liberate her from custody, there was a laundress in court who would take her to her room, and keep a strict eye upon her. It was then stated that the prisoner had given a false name, and two addresses when apprehended, and that she had learned the art of robbing children in the street in this manner from hearing how it was successfully practised by a woman in other parts of the metropolis. The Lord Mayor said the prisoner was evidently a very precocious girl, and, although she did not appear to have been in trouble before, she would most probably go on to destruction unless deterred in some way. She was then remanded for a week.

**OFFENSIVE EVIDENCE.**—A respectable-looking girl, aged 15, named Mary Smith, of 27 New-street, Bishopsgate-street, was brought before the Lord Mayor on a charge of having wilfully disturbed Henry Kellaway, the superintendent of the house of a poor casual ward belonging to the guardians of the East London Union, situated at 24 and 25 New-street, Bishopsgate, by knocking at the door, and thereby annoying him in the execution of his duties. The prisoner was charged by Mr. Beard. The complaint stated that, on Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, he was in bed when he heard a violent knocking at the front door. He put on his trousers and hurried down, and there he saw the prisoner, another girl about her age, and three young men, on the opposite side of the street standing against a dead wall. They were laughing and jeering. There was no one at the door, and he returned to his bed-room, put on his boots, waistcoat, and hat, opened the shutters of the window, and read one of the parodies say, "He's gone in; let us give him another knock." He then peeped through the keyhole, and saw the prisoner knock twice. He opened the door before he had time to knock again, and seized hold of her, and in the scuffle which ensued between them tore her dress. She was very violent, and called out several times for some persons of the name of "Jim," and others to come to her assistance. In a very short time thirteen men arrived at the spot, in one of them down, jumped upon him repeatedly, almost torn from some of his ribs blackness his eyes, and succeeded in rescuing her. They tore his shirt and waistcoat, and at a later period of the night threw the shreds of these garments down the area. The prisoner, too, went back to the door some time afterwards and said to his wife, "Look here at what your body has done to my dress; never mind, we shall do for him; he has had a pretty good warming to-night." He was being constantly annoyed in this manner. Very lately the board of guardians had had to pay 17s. 6d. for windows in the house which had been smashed with stones, and the knocker of the door had been broken in by a pair of boots coming in the night time and raising an alarm of "fire." Mr. Beard expressed a hope that the Lord Mayor would not allow his office to be used away by the statement now made, because there was very little doubt that a more cruel act upon the part of a powerful man towards a mere child of fifteen could not be conceived than that of which the complainant had been guilty. So fully convinced of this were some of the neighbors that a few charitable friends had absolutely subscribed and raised the necessary funds for the defence, in order that the real facts might be made public. The complainant was a vindictive man, who had upon his own confession been already convicted for an assault. It was very possible that somebody had knocked at his door, but most certainly it was not the prisoner who had done so. However, on he rushed like a tiger, seized the unfortunate child, tore her dress and petticoats into pieces, and aimed at her, when she was taken to the station house, without a sound article upon her back. This statement was substantially borne out by two or three witnesses. The officer on duty in the neighbourhood said he had known the prisoner for two years, and that he believed her to be a well-behaved girl. A Mrs. Moffatt, who was present, swore positively that the prisoner had not knocked at the door, and that it was the constant habit of the complainant to knock at the door of the prisoner's house, and sit and sit down there to rest themselves, or to ask for a night's lodging. His conduct towards the prisoner was shameful. He seized her by the throat, tore her clothes to ribbons, and left her nearly naked. He made use of the vilest language, and he appeared to be in liquor. The bystanders, when they witnessed his treatment of the girl, called him a brute. Mary Griffiths, the mother of the prisoner, deposed that she had seen the complainant throw pails of water at the children who were sitting on his steps, and that she had also seen him kick poor people in the ribs who had only sat down upon the steps for a few minutes. The Lord Mayor said there was evidently much gross perjury on one side or the other of this case that he should adjourn the further hearing until Tuesday next, with the view of seeing whether the truth could then be arrived at. Meanwhile the prisoner would be liberated on her own recognisance.

**THEFT AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—A young woman named Sarah Fletcher was brought up on a charge of having stolen 12lbs. weight of feathers from Mrs. Louisa Broad, the keeper of a refreshment bar in Pencub-street, and also for having attempted to commit suicide. The prisoner was charged by Mr. Beard. The complaint stated that on the previous night, the complainant was sitting at her bar, and before she went on the next day the servant went up to her room, and found that she had taken some of the feathers out of the bed, and torn one of the sheets in two. The stolen feathers and half the sheet were then missing, and the prisoner was given in charge for the robbery. On the way to the station-house she said that if she were given in charge she should commit suicide, and that she had attempted to do so before. When searched by the female searcher at Seething-lane, the feathers, fastened in the half-sheet, were found concealed under her crinoline. After she had been in the cell about five minutes she was found on the floor insensible, with a piece of bread tied tightly round her throat. The knot was immediately cut, and Mr. Humphreys, surgeon, was sent for. Her lips were quite black, her throat was discoloured from the pressure of the bread, and it took half an hour before she was restored to full consciousness. It appeared that she had made a former attempt upon her life when generally at Bow-lane station, by tying a handkerchief round her throat. Very little was known of her, except that she had lived in service at various places for short periods, and that a child which died while she was in the Bow Lane Workhouse, and that when apprehended she had given a false address. When asked by the Lord Mayor whether she intended to make another attempt to destroy her life, she burst into tears and

replied in the negative. She was ordered to be imprisoned for twenty-one days.

## GUILDHALL.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE BY A WOMAN.**—Ellen Broad, a strong young woman, 26 years of age, late of the parish of St. Andrew, was charged before Alderman Watkin with assaulting James Middleton, and robbing him of half-a-sovereign and half-a-crown in Giltspur-street. James Middleton said: I live at 14 Chapel-street, Mill-over-street, and am a printer. About half-past nine o'clock last evening I met the prisoner, who is a stranger to me, in the Old Bailey. I had been drinking, and was in fact, drunk, but I knew what money I had about me. There was a half-sovereign and a half-crown in my left-hand waistcoat-pocket. After leaving a public-house I was proceeding home through Giltspur-street. I don't believe that I went into any public-house with the prisoner, and cannot recollect anything else until I found her in the act of robbing me. She seized hold of me, and violently pushed me against some shutters, and then thrust her hand into my waistcoat-pocket and stole my money. Mrs. Bennett Kirby said she was crossing Giltspur-street at the time in question, and distinctly saw the prisoner, who was holding the prosecutor against the wall, take her hand from his left-hand waistcoat-pocket with some money in it. No money was found upon the prisoner, but half-a-crown was picked up where she had been standing. The prisoner, who said the prosecutor had been drinking with her the whole evening, was remanded.

## BOW STREET.

**SHOOTING CHARGE OF ARSON.**—Elizabeth Bargin, aged 34, late domestic servant to Mr. Wain, varnish manufacturer, Long-acre, was brought before Sir Thomas Henry, the chief magistrate, on a charge of arson. Mr. Wain stated that on the evening of the 1st instant he and his sister, who kept house for him, went out, leaving the prisoner in sole charge of the house. The prisoner was under notice to quit, but they had no reason to suppose that she entertained any feeling of malice which could prompt her to such an act as that with which she was now stood charged. On his return home he found several policemen and firemen in the house. In several of the rooms there were indications that the furniture, &c., had been burnt, and the house was full of smoke. The prisoner was nowhere to be seen. In one room was found a hatchet, which certainly did not belong to him, nor could he explain how it came there. As it might have been made to break open two chests of drawers and the contents on those articles of furniture were contained in form and size with the blade of the hatchet. Both chests of drawers were contained wearing apparel and other property, and in one of them was a large sum of money. He ascertained the next morning that a quantity of clothing belonging to himself and his sister, to the value of 27, had been carried off. He gave information of these facts to the police. Inspector B. Egan, of the F division, stated that he was instructed to take steps to trace the prisoner, and found her on Thursday night at her lodgings in Grenville-street, Highbury. He told her he came to apprehend her on the charge of setting fire to Mr. Wain's house. She said, "I know I did it." He said, "Sit p a minute. Whatever you say I must repeat to the magistrate." She said, "Oh, I did not know that." Witness continued, "You are also charged with stealing about 47 worth of clothes." He then took her in custody. He found on the prisoner five pawnbrokers' tickets for articles of clothing. Mr. Smith, the female searcher at Bow-street Police-station, stated that on the prisoner being brought to the station she was seized to search her, she resisted, and found on her a comb and hair-brush. The prisoner said, "The comb is my own, but I took the brush from the house." She also said, "I own the fire to the house. It was very wicked, and I can't tell why I did it." It was stated that in addition to the rooms already mentioned, fire had been set to a quantity of linen in a mahogany wardrobe in another room. The linen had burnt itself out, but the wardrobe was undamaged, except that the wood was charred inside. The prisoner was committed for trial.

## CLERKENWELL.

**THE POLICE AT FAULT.**—A Case of Mistaken Identity.—Thomas Williams, aged 19, a man of No. 8, Hoxton-place, Upper Holloway, was charged with robbing a woman, and assaulting a police-constable. On Monday, 28th, in the execution of his duty, in the Hoxton-road, the constable stated that the prisoner was making a disturbance, and as he would not go away he had to take him into custody. He no longer did so, than the prisoner threw him with violence on to the pavement, kicked him several times, and then ran away. He pursued as soon as he could, and finding the prisoner outside the Mag's Head took him into custody. The prisoner denied the charge in toto, and called witnesses who proved that he was not near the Hoxton-road at the time in question, and that when he was taken to him into custody the constable made use of bad language. Mr. D.E. court said it was clear that the constable had made a mistake in taking him, and the prisoner would, therefore, be discharged. Even if he had a sword the constable that would not justify the force that such was not the case. The constable denied that he made use of bad language, and the matter then terminated.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**ASSAULT AT THE ALHAMBRA.**—Elizabeth Leach, a well-dressed female, was charged before the Alderman with assaulting Thomas Robert Richards, clerk, of No. 20, Salisbury-street. Mr. Maynard, from the office of Mr. Beard, attended for the defendant. The complainant said that on Saturday evening he was at the Alhambra Theatre, Leicester-square, and accidentally upset some beer over the defendant's head. He was afterwards about to drink from a glass and the defendant struck the glass and smashed it on his face. He then gave her in charge. In answer to the magistrate, the complainant said he was not sure whether he apologized or not. The defendant said the complainant never apologized at all. He certainly struck the glass because the complainant had spilt her shawl and dress. The shawl was of the value of fifteen guineas and the dress as well. If the defendant had apologized she would have deemed it sufficient, but the complainant and his friends were skylarking and laughed at her after she had been upset. The magistrate said the complainant admitted that if he did apologize it was not till after he had drunk home again, and that was certainly very provoking. The defendant said she wished compensation for the shawl, the damage done to it being at least a guinea. The complainant called Mr. Alfred Gray, of 34, St. James-street, and another witness. After hearing them the magistrate said as considered the complainant had given the defendant great provocation. If the complainant ought to have apologized at once. He would give the parties an opportunity of coming to an arrangement. The complainant not being willing to compensate the defendant for the damage done to her shawl, the magistrate said the defendant 5s. for the assault, and ordered the complainant to pay her a guinea compensation for the shawl.

## MARYLEBONE.

**A TOWN SUNDAY'S DINNER.**—A number of the numerous applicants for advice previous to the night charges being heard was one by a decent-looking woman, who produced a paper parcel on the ledge of the witness-box, and Mr. Yardley inquired what she wanted. Applicant: I bought this piece of beef on Saturday night in Crawford-street, and it is not fit to eat. Mr. Yardley: You should have used your nose previous to buying it. Applicant: It is not stinking, sir. It is not that. Mr. Yardley: What is it, then? Applicant: It is so hard—so tough. Mr. Yardley: Is that it? Applicant: Yes. We could not get our teeth into it. Our Sunday's dinner was spoiled. Mr. Yardley: What meat is it? Applicant: It has been done in salt. Mr. Yardley: Go and boil it again. Applicant: Oh, that will be no good, it is so tough. Mr. Yardley: I can't help you. Applicant retired, saying it was too bad for butchers to sell such stuff.

**CAPTURE OF A PLATE THIEF BY A SERVANT.**—James Watson, supposed to be an old offender, and who gave the address Cambridge Heath-road, general dealer, was charged as under.—Emma Frogwell, servant at 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, said on Monday afternoon she left the front kitchen for a short time, and on her return she saw the prisoner at the cupboard with a basket, collecting the plate. She pointed up to him, and took the basket, containing fourteen dinner forks, five table-spoons, four cutlery forks, and three teaspoons. She called her mistress, and looked at the prisoner in the room till the arrival of a constable. This he asked if she was sure he had the basket. Witness was certain of it. Prisoner: You took it from the cupboard when the police came. Witness: I did so, but I had previously taken it from you and placed it there. Mr. Yardley: His object was to cover and let go. He goes upon a technical point. He means to say that his offence was not completed. Prisoner, who did not suggest this, was remanded for a week.

## WORKSHOPS-STREET.

**"THE WRONG HOUSE."**—FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY.—A tall and good-looking young man, well-dressed, and having his left arm in a sling, was charged, and the name of John Smith, with being in a bed-room of the Fishland arms public-house, Hackney-road, with intent to commit a felony. Mr. I. Beard defended. Mr. William Howbham, the prosecutor, deposed: Last night I had reason for believing that a stranger to the house had gone up-stairs. I proceeded there carefully, examining every room as

I went, to the top landing, where there is an unoccupied apartment. I looked into the cupboard, and then beneath the table, and while I observed a man's legs. I did not, however, take any notice by exclamation or rushing from the room, but walked coolly out, shut the door, and getting a firm hold of the door-handle, for the key was inside the room, called loudly to the below. The police to be noticed. The next instant the door was tried, but I kept it fast, then the window-panes were raised and lowered, then the door was wheeled about, but for what purpose that was done I can't conceive. Then a police-officer came up with a poker, entered the room with me, and we saw the prisoner standing in the middle of it. Witness: Only the bedstead, I presume he did not intend to run away with that. Mr. Beard: What did he say? Witness: He refused when the constable asked him how he came there, and what he wanted to give any account of the matter, unless to me alone, but of course I would not accede to that, and gave him into custody. I think that I have seen him about the place before. Constable 150 K corroborated that part of the prosecutor's testimony relating to himself, and then put a small paper parcel into the hands of a young man who took his place in the witness-box, and was sworn. Mr. Beard: What is your name? Witness: Yes, sir, Charles Bentley, sir. Mr. Beard: What are you? Witness (in the style and tone typical of his calling): "Waiter, sir. Key, sir," taking half-a-dozen well-manufactured skeleton keys from the parcel. Mr. Beard: Skeletons? Witness: Yes, sir (holding the same up). Mr. Safford: Anything else? Witness: Yes, sir, a James, sir, a Jimmy, sir, yes, sir. Mr. Safford: And that? Witness: A wax taper, sir, yes, sir. Mr. Safford: Anything more? Witness: Yes, sir. Master, sir, yes, sir. Mr. Safford: You found them, where? Witness to the top landing, sir. Mr. Safford: Of the room where the prisoner was found? Witness: Yes, sir. I was there when he was taken, sir. Found them after the gentleman had left, sir. Mr. Beard: Did you see them in his possession? Witness: I did—not, sir—no, sir. Mr. Beard: Then they might have been there before he went into the room? Witness: Ha, ha; not likely, sir, no, sir. Mr. Beard: Aye, so you say—very well (to the magistrate): I am instructed, sir, that the prisoner entered the wrong house in quest of a servant maid, mistaking the prosecutor for that he proposed visiting. It is a pity he did not discover this to the prosecutor at the time. Mr. Ellison: I must remind him. Mr. Beard: Nothing more can be proved if you do, sir. He is fresh from the country, sir. The goiter! And well known in London, sir. Demanded.

## THAMES.

**THE DANGERS OF TASTING ORDERS.**—Charles Robinson, aged 37, who was formerly a constable in the metropolitan police force, and who was described as a baker, of 10, Pension street, Wiltshire, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with stealing a sample bottle of wine the property of the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company, with being drunk and disorderly, and with assaulting Inspector Trillocky, of the Thames police, and William Swigland, a dock constable. It appeared that the prisoner had obtained a "tasting order" from a wine merchant to taste wines in the London Dock, and he had not made a very judicious use of it. He conveyed it into a certain order, as the magistrates of this court have not lately termed a "tasting order," and after indulging for some time in the drink and glory which it afforded, he drank a large quantity of wine, he emerged from the store atmosphere into the open air. The daylight bewildered him, and he was "off his feet" in an instant. His attitude and shouts called the attention of the dock officers to him, and he was removed to the guard-house, where he made an attack on every one who then happened to be there. He first struck Moore, and tore the sleeve of his coat. He then hit Inspector Trillocky with his fist, and knocked him down, and when he was down kicked him savagely on the eye, which was both lacerated and contused. Swigland, a man twice the size of the prisoner, was the next object of his attack. A ram-rod blow alighted on Swigland's head, and "knocked the sensation of him for a minute." The prisoner acted like a madman, and said he would annihilate every one in the dock. He was unopposed and secured, and on being searched a sample bottle of sherry was found upon him. He said it had been presented to him by a cooper in the dock, whom he refused to name. Moore, a good-natured Irishman with a large rib on the sleeve of a good coat, refused to give any violence against the prisoner. Trillocky, who was seriously injured, and a very fine man, was not so forbearing, and made out a strong case against the prisoner. Robinson, in defence, said that he was very sorry, he drank too much wine, and he regretted the prisoner to be imprisoned for two months and kept to hard labour, for the assault on Inspector Trillocky. The prisoner: Oh, pray, sir, make it fine. I will pay a fine. Mr. Paget: No, I never do it. In the event of a violent assault on police officers, who have difficult and dangerous duties to perform, I never inflict fines.

**COOPER RACE AND FRAUD.**—OLIVER JARVIS.—Joseph Gabriel, a foreigner, a constable's agent, formerly residing in Finsbury-street, Whitechapel, was brought up from Liverpool in custody of Dunaway, a detective officer of the H. Division, charged on a warrant with being concerned with another foreigner, named Frederick Brown, in obtaining by false pretences two cwt. of cigars, value 47s. 10s., with intent to defraud Messrs. Lyon Cooper and Co., cigar-manufacturers, in Whitechapel. The facts of this extraordinary case, as developed by Mr. Lyon Cooper and Dunaway, are as follows:—Mr. Cooper had known Gabriel for some time, and had dealings with him. On Tuesday, the 15th of the present month, the prisoner Gabriel called on Mr. Cooper and said he had an order for two cwt. of the best cigars, to be supplied to Mr. Wain, the landlord of the Globe public-house, in Great Chart-street, Hoxton. Mr. Cooper agreed to sell Gabriel the quantity required, and promised they should be ready on the following Thursday. Gabriel said the prosecutor could accompany him to the Globe and receive the money for the cigars. The cigars were sent to the Globe at the appointed time, and Mr. Cooper accompanied Gabriel to Great Chart-street. The cigars were taken into the public-house, and Gabriel requested Mr. Cooper to wait in the room opposite the Globe. Mr. Cooper, suspecting nothing wrong, did wait as was requested. Mr. Wain came out so a few minutes, and went round the corner. Gabriel followed the publican and crossed the road to where Mr. Cooper was standing. He said, "You see that Mr. Wain has just come out, he has business to attend to and cannot pay me till the afternoon." Mr. Cooper, suspecting nothing wrong, went home. Prisoner Gabriel appeared on the scene, the cigars were removed from the Globe, and conveyed to Tottenham-court-road, in Great-chart-street, and paid for £50. Both Gabriel and Brown were in Great-chart-street. Brown was captured by Dunaway, in London. Dunaway traced Gabriel's wife to the Mansion-square Railway Station on Sunday morning at eight o'clock. She took a railway ticket for Liverpool. Dunaway immediately telegraphed to the Liverpool police, and two detectives named Scarfe and Graham were sent to watch her arrival. Her husband was there, but he was very cautious and denied to the officers that she was his wife on her arrival. Some children were present, and the officers said to them roughly, "Don't stop about here, go to your mother." They went to Mrs. Gabriel of the platform, and called her mother and the prisoner father. Scarfe and Graham immediately arrested the prisoner and wife. Mr. Gabriel delivered £45 to Dunaway. It was the remaining portion received of the pawnbroker Alcock-brook; the other portion of the money had been expended. The prisoner, who pretended ignorance of the English language, put a few questions to Mr. Cooper, who said he did not contrast the cigars to the prisoner to trade with or borrow money upon. He was led to believe the cigars were for Mr. Wain, who had nothing to do with the transaction. Mr. Paget remanded the prisoner.

## SOUTHWARK.

**A BRUTAL IRISHMAN.**—Michael Sullivan, a stalwart Irishman, was charged before Mr. Woolrych, the sitting magistrate, with two violent and brutal assaults, the one upon Mr. Joseph Mann, a butler, residing at No. 47, Orange-road, Bermondsey, and the other on Police-constable Joseph Brown, 205 M, while in the execution of his duty. From the evidence of Mr. Mann, it appeared that about half-past eight o'clock on Saturday evening he was proceeding homeward, when he was followed by the prisoner, who was an entire stranger to him, and who, without the slightest provocation, struck him a violent blow on the back of the head, the effect of which was to throw him prostrate on his face, and while on the ground he kicked him with great severity and considerable brutality. He was released by some bystanders, and tried to escape, but was ultimately secured on another charge. Police-constable Brown, 205 M, proved that he was on duty near Lovegrove-street, in the Old Kent-road, when a man complained to him that he had been attacked by the prisoner, who had hit him with extreme severity; that man did not now appear to give the charge, but from the description he had received from Mr. Mann, the witness detained the prisoner for the assault on that gentleman. On taking him into custody, the prisoner clenched upon him, tore his hair out, and kicked him violently on the spine and in two other parts of the abdomen, and it required the assistance of several constables to convey him to the police-station. The witness added that he was suffering great pain from the injuries he had received. The prisoner put in the usual plea that he was very drunk and was wholly unconscious of what had occurred. He did not know Mr. Mann, and therefore could not entertain any animosity towards him. Mr. Woolrych remarked that the prisoner had clearly been guilty of two most wanton and brutal assaults, not confined to mere blows, but extending to outrageous kicking. It had been suggested that he had severely bit the thumb of a third party, but as the complainant did not appear to have diminished that complaint from his consideration. For the assaults proved the prisoner, without the option of a fine, must be committed for six weeks' hard labour.



THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.—DANCE OF COBURG PEASANTS BEFORE THE PRINCESSES.

## HER MAJESTY IN GERMANY.

DURING the stay of her Majesty at the Summer Palace of Rosenau, near Coburg, several entertainments were got up for the amusement of the junior members of the royal family. Among these was the dance of the Coburg peasants, in the gardens of the palace.

Shortly after the royal party had assembled, there emerged from one of the leafy avenues a gay troop of villagers, all in their best holiday dresses, the men wearing large nosebags in their hats, which

also were wrapped round with the most singular-looking handkerchiefs in the brightest colours. Each man led a peasant girl, flaunting gaily in the picturesque costume of the country—the neat little jacket of red, green, or blue, the short skirt of black stuff, striped or variegated with the most brilliant colours, and, topping all, the grotesque coiffure which is peculiar to the women about this part of Germany, half cap half turban, with a profusion of long black ribbons suspended from a bright gilt ornament let into the top of the cap, which hang down the back or float in the wind. Their

faces, brown with exposure to the air and ruddy with healthy toil, were now lit up joyously to the merry strains of national music which burst forth from a band stationed at one end of the garden, and in a few moments, at a signal from the Duke of Coburg, the whole of this gay party were whirling round the lawn in the gayest possible waltz, now to a slow air, now to a quick one, sometimes intermingling with the waltz the lightest and most sparkling of polka steps; and often, as some little stop occurred in the quick whirling, when some one less apt at the spinning motion than the



THE PRINCE OF WALES DEER-STALKING IN THE FOREST OF COBURG.

rest unwound the wavy throng, a laugh, loud, merry, and unconstrained, would burst out at the unlucky one, and off they were again, with more right good dancing-will than ever. A shrill scream of delight—an indescribable sound, something between a war-whoop and a shout—burst forth from the whole at certain pauses in the waltz, and sometimes at the close.

The Duke of Coburg had also his hunting parties for the enlivening of the male portion of his visitors; and an engraving of the royal party deer-stalking we also give with the dance of the Coburg peasants.

#### THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST.—EMS.

Among the favourite summer resorts of English and other tourists at this season of the year, is Ems, in Germany. It is very prettily situated on the Lahn, hemmed in between it and the cliffs of Baederley, which recede from the water's edge only far enough to allow room for a row of houses. The place is very hot in summer, from being so shut in with hills; but the woods around afford shade. The waters of Ems were known as early as the time of the Romans. The rich woods which cover the sides of the vale of the Lahn, and the verdant pastures which form its banks, give Ems a more pleasing aspect, perhaps, than even Schwalbach, which is surrounded by naked, round brick hills, with few trees upon them.



THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST.—VIEW OF EMS.

### Literature.

#### THE MAN WITH ONE HAND.

My father kept a shop for the sale of silks and shawls in Constantinople; and he had intended that I should follow his business. But as I showed myself to possess more talent than is required for the management of a merchant's affairs, my father determined upon making me a physician; and I was sent to Paris, that I might study profoundly a profession which, in Constantinople, is practised by mere quacks. I stayed at Paris three years, and when I returned home I found my father's shop closed. I was informed that he had been dead two months. I found everything in good order in the house, but all my father's gold was gone. I tried to establish myself as a physician; but as I could not play the charlatan, and as I was deprived of all protection by the death of my father, I did not succeed. To continue the business of my father was impossible, as the shop had lost all its customers. So one day, while pondering over the gloomy aspect of my prospects, it occurred to me that when I was staying in France, I had seen some of my countrymen travelling about and offering for sale goods which were eagerly purchased at a high price, on account of their coming from a foreign country. My resolution was soon taken. I sold my father's house, selected the best of his goods, bought such other articles as would be prized in France, and embarked a second time.

I had no sooner traversed the Mediterranean than I found fortune was beginning to smile upon me. Our passage was short and happy. I visited the towns of France, and found at each place a ready sale for my merchandises. I had always a fresh supply of goods sent from Constantinople; and as my trade increased, and I had already money in hand, I determined to venture on a larger speculation, and go to Italy. I must not omit to state that in addition to my business I made my profession available. Whenever I entered a new town, I did not fail to publish by bills and advertisements that I was a Greek physician; and I often made as much money by my pills and draughts, oils and unguents, as by my shawls and handkerchiefs. I went to Florence, and I purposed making a longer stay there than usual, partly because I liked the town, and partly because I wished to repose for a time from my wandering life. I hired a shop, and distributed bills, announcing myself in the double capacity of physician and merchant. My shop was scarcely arranged, when customers poured in; and though my prices were high, I sold more goods than any other merchant—probably on account of my politeness and civility. A few days after my arrival I was about to close my shop, and to examine, as was my custom, my stock of boxes and unguents, when I found in one of them a little note, which I felt sure I had not put there. I opened it, and found an invitation to go on the following night, at twelve o'clock, to the bridge called Ponte Vecchio. As I had no acquaintance in Florence, I naturally concluded that I was to be conducted secretly to some patient; and as such a case had often fallen in my way, I determined to go; but, as a precaution, I put on a sword which had been given me by my father.

A little before midnight I was at the appointed spot. The bridge was quite deserted, and I determined to wait until the mysterious person who invited me there should appear. It was a cold night. The moon was at the full, and I amused myself by looking down upon the river, the ripples of which, silvered by the moonbeams, were moving silently on. The church clock struck twelve: I raised my head and beheld a tall man, enveloped in a red cloak, and holding one of the corners so as to hide his face. I was rather startled on finding him so close to me; but quickly recovering, I asked him what he required of me.

The red cloak threw a piercing glance upon me, and said, in an abrupt tone, "Follow me!"

I felt rather uncomfortable at the idea of going alone with a man entirely unknown to me, therefore I remained still.

"Not so, sir," I said; "I want first to know where I am to follow you?—and first of all I want to see your face, that I may judge whether you have any evil purpose or not."

The man did not appear to pay any attention to my remarks.

"If you will not follow, Zelenos, remain," he answered, and went away.

I felt my anger rise. "Do you think," I exclaimed, "that a man like me will be the toy of a fool? Do you think I will have waited here for nothing this cold night?" In a moment I had reached him, and taking hold of his cloak with one hand and grasping my sword with the other, I repeated my words louder than before; but the cloak remained in my hand—the stranger had disappeared round the corner. Though I was angry before, I soon became calm by the possession of the cloak, which I thought would give me some clue by which I might trace this singular adventure to its origin. I put it on my shoulders, and took my way home. Just as I reached home, some man brushed close past me, and whispered in French, "Take heed, count. There is nothing to be done this night!"

Before I had time to turn round and see who it was, the man had passed, and I could only see his shadow dimming along the houses. That the words were addressed to the cloak, and not to me, I had no doubt; but that circumstance did not throw any light upon the affair, and the whole night I was meditating upon what course to pursue. The next morning I examined the cloak more closely. It was a rich velvet mantle, trimmed with valuable fur, and expensively embroidered with gold. The magnificence of the mantle suggested to me a singular idea. I put it into my shop, and exhibited it for sale, putting so high a price upon it that it was not very likely to find a purchaser. My reason for thus exposing the mantle was to watch sharply any one who might ask for it; for the stature of the unknown, which I had clearly seen after the loss of his cloak, was so deeply impressed on my mind that I should have known him out of a hundred. The beauty of the cloak attracted a great many admirers, but no one resembling my stranger; no one seeming inclined to pay the high price of five hundred ducats—the price I had marked it; but, strange it was that all assured me that there was not a mantle of such value and beauty in all Florence.

It was getting near evening, when a young man who had often made purchases of me, came to the shop, and throwing a purse of ducats on the counter, exclaimed, "By heaven, I must have your cloak, even though I become a beggar!" At the same time he began to empty the purse, and pile up the gold pieces. I felt in an awkward position. I had exhibited the cloak for the sole purpose of finding out my unknown, and then came a young fool willing to pay the exorbitant price I asked for it. But what was to be done? I could not help parting with the cloak; and I was well pleased on the other hand to be so well paid for my nocturnal adventure. The young man put on the cloak and went away; but almost instantly he came back, and detaching a paper from the cloak, he threw it to me, saying, "There is something which does not belong to the mantle, I suppose?"

"I carelessly took the paper up, and what did I read?—'Bring the cloak this evening, at the same hour, to the bridge of Ponte Vecchio: one thousand ducats are waiting for you.' I was thunderstruck. My plans regarding both benefit and curiosity had failed. I did not hesitate long. I took up the five hundred ducats, and ran after the purchaser."

"Take your money back," said I to him, "and let me have the cloak; I cannot part with it."

The young man thought at first that I was in joke; but as I insisted, he became angry, and called me a fool. From words we came to blows; a regular fight ensued, and I was happy enough to seize the mantle. But my adversary called the police to his aid,

and I was taken before the court of justice. The judge expressed surprise at my proceedings, and adjudged the cloak to the young man. I then offered twenty, fifty, eighty ducats over the price. I at last went so far as one hundred. What neither entreaties nor violence could effect, was effected by gold. He took my money: I took the cloak, and carried it off triumphantly, not caring the least that the whole town was setting me down for a madman. Did I not know better? Was I not in reality a winner? Though I lost one hundred ducats by the young man, I should win one thousand by the stranger.

I could scarcely wait till night. A little before the time I went with the cloak under my arm to the bridge. With the last stroke of twelve the figure of the unknown appeared to me, as it were, out of the earth.

"Have you the cloak?" was the first question.

"Here it is," I answered; "but it cost me six hundred ducats cash."

"I know all about it," he replied; "but here are one thousand."

He advanced with me to the balustrades of the bridge, and counted the money into my hands. There were one thousand ducats glistening gloriously in the moonlight, and I was delighted. I put the money into my pocket, and began to scrutinise the features of the stranger, which had been a point of secondary consideration. But impossible! he wore a close mask, out of which two fiery eyes were gleaming.

"I thank you, sir," I said. "What more do you require of me? I am ready to do your bidding; unless you bid me do wrong."

"As regards wrong, you need not fear on that point," he answered, while putting his cloak on his shoulders. "I require simply the aid of a physician, not for a living body, but for a dead one."

I asked for an explanation. He beckoned me to follow him, and as he walked along, he said: "I came here from a very distant country with my sister; and we stayed at the house of a near relative. I have had the misfortune to lose my sister; she was taken ill suddenly, and died in a few hours. According to a custom in our family, the deceased members are embalmed previous to their burial in the family vault. Now, our relative here intends to bury my sister to-morrow. I have no objection to this; but I must, at any rate, send to my father the head of his beloved daughter, that he may look upon it once more."

This idea of cutting off the head of his sister seemed to me rather a strange one; but I did not raise any objection, lest I should displease the generous unknown. I therefore assured him that I had practised the embalment of bodies, and requested him to conduct me to the deceased. However, I could not help asking why all this was to be done with so much secrecy. He explained that if his relations knew of his intentions they would consider him cruel, and oppose his wishes; but the head once off, it would be useless to raise any objection.

We had now arrived at a large and magnificent house. My conductor pointed to it as the end of our nocturnal journey. We passed the principal entrance, and entered a little door, which the stranger closed cautiously after us. We mounted a narrow winding staircase, which led to a long corridor, from which we entered a room elegantly furnished, but sparsely lighted by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling. In the apartment was a bed, in which the deceased was lying. The stranger averted his face, as if to hide his tears. He pointed to the bed, told me to do my business well, and quickly left the room.

I took the knife—which, in my capacity of physician, I always carried about me—and advanced towards the bed. The head only was visible; but it was so beautiful, that I was seized with a sentiment of compassion. The black hair was arranged in long tresses; the

face was pale; the eyes closed. The instant I made an incision in the throat, the deceased opened her eyes, closed them again quickly with a long, deep sigh, in which life seemed only just to depart; at the same time a stream of warm blood flew upon me from the wound. I felt convinced that it was I who had killed the poor girl. For a moment I experienced the greatest anxiety. Had I been deceived by the owner of the red cloak? or was his sister merely in a trance? The last supposition seemed the most plausible. But was I to tell the brother of the deceased that had I made an incision less deep I should have awakened her to life. Instead of putting her to death. Impossible! And therefore I hastened to separate the head entirely from the body. Again the dying gave a deep groan, stretched herself in a convulsive movement and expired. This time I was overpowered with terror; and shuddering violently, I rushed out of the room. There was no appearance of my conductor; and groping my way through the darkness, I reached the staircase. Sometimes walking, sometimes falling, I succeeded in gaining the floor. No one below. The door was ajar, and I only began to breathe when I found myself in the fresh air. Spurred on by fright and fear, I ran to my home, and buried myself in the pillows of my couch, endeavouring to forget the act I had done. But all in vain. Sleep fled my eyes; and I gained a little calmness only when the day began to dawn. I felt certain that the man who had caused me to do such a misdeed would not denounce me; and I made up my mind to open shop as usual, and put the best possible countenance on the matter. But a new cause of alarm now presented itself. My Greek bonnet, my girdle, and my knife were missing, and I could not feel certain whether I had left them in the apartment, or lost them in the street during my confused flight home. It was most likely that the first was the case; and thereby I should be discovered as a murderer.

At the accustomed hour I opened the shop. My neighbour came in as usual, for the sake of a gossip. "What do you think of the horrible tragedy which occurred last night?" he asked. I appeared as if I did not understand him—as if I knew nothing. "What, not know what all the town knows? Not know that the beautiful flower of Florence, that Bianca, the daughter of the governor, has been assassinated during the past night? I saw her only yesterday, in all the glory of her beauty, riding through the streets with her bridegroom; for to-day her marriage was to have been celebrated." Every word was a dagger in my heart; and I trembled for my own safety. Every customer who came to the shop, repeated the same story; and each successive one made the tale more horrible than the former. But the truth which I alone could tell, was the most horrible of all. About noon, an officer of justice came to me, and demanded a private audience. "Signor Zelenos," said he, exhibiting the very things which I had lost, "do these things belong to you?" I hesitated for a moment to consider whether I should disown them or not. But seeing through the half-open door my landlord, who would perhaps witness against me, I determined not to make matters worse by telling a lie; and therefore answered the man's question in the affirmative. The officer then desired me to follow him; and he conducted me to a large building, which I soon recognised as the prison. I was then placed in a cell till further orders were issued respecting me.

My position was an awful one; and the more I reflected on it, the more terrible did it appear. The idea of having committed murder, though unintentionally, weighed heavily on my heart; and moreover, I could not conceal from myself that it was the love of gold which had captivated my senses and caused me to fall so blindly into the trap. After a few hours' imprisonment, I was taken from my cell, and conducted below into a large saloon. There on either side of a long black table were sitting twelve men; most of them old. The other parts of the room were crowded with spectators, among whom I noticed many of the most considerable persons of Florence. When I had approached the black table, there rose a man of melancholy countenance. It was the governor. He said that as father of the murdered girl he could not sit as judge on the trial of the murderer; and he would therefore cede his place to the eldest of the senators. A venerable old man of more than ninety years then took the judge's chair. His shoulders were bowed down by age, and a few white hairs on the temples were all that time had left him. But his eyes were still brilliant, and his voice was strong, sonorous, and firm. He asked me the usual questions; and I related to him all the particulars, as far as I knew them, relative to the melancholy event; adding that I presumed the deceased had received a sleeping-draught before retiring to bed. Whilst relating my tale, I noticed that the governor turned alternately pale and red, and when I had finished, he started furiously up. "What! wretch!" he exclaimed to me; "will you burden another with the crime which you from mere avarice alone have committed?"

The judge rebuked him for his interruption; and added that it was not proved yet that avarice had caused the crime to be perpetrated, as according to his (the governor's) own testimony nothing had been stolen from the deceased. Some further details were gone into, and letters were requested from the governor which related to the former life of his daughter. Then the trial ended for the day. I conceived new hopes; perhaps some connexion would be discovered between her and the red cloak? So, full of confidence, I entered on the following day the hall of justice. Several letters were open on the table. The judge asked me if I recognised the handwriting; I told him they were in the same handwriting as the notes I had received. The letters contained menaces and threats to the deceased, and warnings against the marriage which she was about to contract. I could see by the manner in which I was treated that day, that the governor had been acting against me. My answers were not believed; and as the letters bore the initial Z, they were thought to have emanated from me. All hope had departed my breast; and when on the following day I was re-conducted into court I was convicted of a premeditated murder. Judgment was pronounced. I was to be put to death.

In the evening of this dreadful day, I was sitting in my solitary prison, all my thoughts fixed upon death, when the door of my cell opened, and gave entrance to a man, who for some time looked upon me in silence. "And is it thus that I find you?" he at last asked me. At first sight I did not recognise him; but the sounds of his voice called to my mind recollections of times long past. It was Valetty—one of the few friends I had been intimate with while pursuing my earlier studies. He told me that he had accidentally come to Florence, where his father was residing and occupying a high station. He bade me tell him all, without concealing the slightest circumstance, however unfavourable to myself. I told him the whole affair, assuring him that no other guilt was upon me, save that dazzled by the brightness of gold I had blinded me to the improbability of the stranger's story.

"So you did not know Bianca?" he asked. I assured him that I had never seen her until the fatal night. Valetty now told me that a terrible mystery hung over the whole affair, and that the governor had pressed the inquiry with the greatest hurry. A rumour had been circulated, he added, that to revenge myself for Bianca's intended marriage, I had murdered her. I told him that such a conjecture might be applicable to the red-mantle man, but it certainly was not suitable to me. Valetty, before leaving, embraced me warmly, and exhorted me to courage. I knew him as a man well experienced in law; and I began to hope that my life might yet be spared. Two days passed in the anxiety of suspense. On the third Valetty appeared.

"I bring consolation," said he, "though a melancholy consolation. Your life will be spared, and you will have your liberty, but with the loss of the right hand." He then proceeded to tell me that notwithstanding the influence which his father possessed, the governor had obstinately refused to allow a fresh inquiry to be made. But he had consented, in order not to appear unjust, to re-

gulate my punishment by that which had been inflicted on any criminal in a similar case. Very fortunately, by the united exertions of himself and his father, a similar case to mine was found recorded in the annals of Florentine crime; and the punishment awarded was the cutting off the right hand of the criminal, confiscation of his property, and banishment. Therefore I had now nothing to do but to prepare for the hour in which I was to be deprived of one of my most useful members. But I will spare you the picture of that hour. It is sufficient to tell you, that in the public market this fearful amputation was accomplished.

Valetty took me to his home till my wound was healed, and provided me with money to leave Florence. I returned to Constantinople without my money or my hand. I was debating upon what course I should pursue in order to gain a livelihood, when an old friend of my father's came to me and asked why I did not go to my own house. I inquired his meaning; and he then told me, that a stranger, during my absence, had purchased a house situated in the Greek quarter, in my name, and had announced to the neighbours that I should soon arrive myself. I went directly to the spot, found out the house, and also a letter from the man who had bought it. It ran thus:

"Two hands are in activity for you, that you may not miss the one you have lost. This house, and all it contains, belong to you; and every year you will receive sufficient to take your rank among the rich of your nation. May you forgive him who is made unhappy thus!"

On inquiry who had left the letter for me, I was told that it was a man wearing a red cloak.

Ten years have passed since that time. Every year I receive 1,000 pieces of gold; and it is from inclination, and not from necessity, that I make my commercial journey each year through the desert in caravans as I do now. But I have never returned to Florence.

Zelenos was a man of about forty years of age, and possessing a noble appearance. Having been asked on his journey when the caravan halted how he had lost his hand, he had recounted his history as above. When he had ceased to speak, his companions expressed for him the greatest sympathy. Amongst them was a Frenchman, who had travelled with the caravan through the whole desert; and it was natural that Zelenos, who had spent some time in France, should seek his acquaintance. When the time had come for them to separate, Zelenos insisted that the Frenchman should pay a visit to Constantinople and become his guest.

A month afterwards, as Zelenos was sitting in his shop, a stranger entered. He was about to return the friendly salutation when he recoiled horror-struck on beholding before him the unknown with the same red mantle on his shoulders, and the same mark on his face.

"Why do you come here, terrible man?" he exclaimed, as the figure stood motionless on the threshold. "Depart, that I may not curse you."

"Zelenos!" said a well-remembered voice. "Is it thus you welcome the guest you invited?" The stranger removed his mask, and Zelenos beheld before him the Frenchman who had been his companion in the desert. Zelenos still experienced a feeling of repugnance towards the unknown of Ponte Vecchio; but the right of hospitality prevailed, and he invited the stranger to enter.

"I guess your thoughts," said the Frenchman, when they were both seated. "I did not intend to appear any more before you, but I owe you a history, and I therefore ran the risk of coming with the same appearance as I had when you first saw me at Florence."

He then proceeded as follows:—

"I was born in Alexandria, where my father, of high aristocratic family, was French consul. My eldest brother, who had been brought up in Paris, and possessed talents of the first order, was secretary to my father, and married the daughter of a Florentine nobleman who had become our neighbour. This was a short time before the French revolution broke out. My brother had been married a few months, and had passed that time in the greatest happiness, when his wife disappeared, and neither our family nor hers could discover the least trace of her. At last they came to the conclusion that she had walked alone some distance from the town, and fallen into the hands of robbers. This belief was a consolation in comparison to the awful truth which was soon revealed. The perfidious woman had eloped to Florence with a young Neapolitan, whose acquaintance she had made in the house of her father.

My brother, enraged to the extreme, made every exertion to punish his faithless wife. It happened that her father left Alexandria at this time for Florence, his native country, and pretended that he would take every step in order to have justice done to my brother. The French revolution now commenced. My father and brother soon lost their appointments, and the Florentine nobleman availed himself of that circumstance to make them suspected by the French Government. They were both taken from Alexandria in the most infamous manner, taken to France, and decapitated. My poor mother went mad and died soon after. A few hours before her death consciousness returned, and she conjured me in the most solemn words to revenge my father's and brother's death upon Bianca and her family. I was soon in Florence, where I kept myself as secret as possible. My position was a hazardous one, as the Florentine nobleman had become governor of the town, and had therefore the power to ruin me if he discovered my presence. A circumstance occurred which favoured my plans. One evening I saw a man, wearing a well-known livery, walking in a dull part of the town. It was the old Petro, servant to Bianca's father. He was conversing with himself, and I soon learnt from his soliloquy that he was on bad terms with his master. I determined to avail myself of his angry disposition and I accosted him. He was much surprised to see me at Florence, and complained of the treatment which he had received from the hands of his master, since the latter had become governor of the town; and his own choler, added by my gold, soon made him my ally. The greatest difficulty was now got over; I had now a man who would at any time of the night open the door of my enemy's house. The life of the governor himself would not satisfy my revenge. I determined that he should see the being dearest to him murdered; and that being was his daughter Bianca. I was even glad that Bianca, my brother's widow, was about to be married a second time. I determined that she should be murdered before the marriage took place. You know too well what course I pursued. Petro, who had administered the narcotic draught to Bianca, also opened the little door for us. Hidden in an adjoining room, I could know what was going on; but I could not endure the aspect Overcome by terror and regret, I hastened away, and ran until I fell exhausted upon the steps of a church. When I recovered my senses, my first thought was of you, and the fate which awaited you if you were taken. I ran back to the palace. You were already gone; and I hoped that you would not be discovered. The following day I left Florence. When at Rome I heard of your being taken. In the greatest anxiety I hastened back to Florence. If before my consciousness had accused me for the revenge I had taken, I now cursed that revenge as having been too dearly purchased with your life. I arrived at Florence on the same day that you were deprived of your hand; and I saw you as a martyr and a hero mount the scaffold. You knew the rest. I can only add that I made the journey in your company with no other intention than that of asking your forgiveness, and telling you my history."

Zelenos had listened to his guest in silence. When he had finished speaking, he stretched forth his hand. "Yes," he said, "I know now that you were more unhappy than I. I forgive you!" The stranger having tenderly pressed the hand held out to him, rushed out of the house, and was seen no more; but Zelenos continued to receive his thousand ducats a year.

#### CONFESSION OF CONSTANCE KENT.

DR. JOHN CHARLES BUCKNELL, of Hillmorton, near Rugby, who, with the permission of the Lord Chancellor, examined Constance Kent for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any grounds for supposing that she was labouring under mental disease, has, at the request of the criminal herself, communicated the following details of her crime, which she has confessed to him, and to Mr. Rodway, of Trowbridge, her solicitor, and which she desires to be made public. She says that the manner in which she committed the crime was as follows:—

A few days before the murder she obtained possession of a razor from a green case in her father's wardrobe, and secreted it. This was the sole instrument which she used. She also secreted a candle with matches, by placing them in the corner of the closet in the garden, where the murder was committed. On the night of the murder she undressed herself and went to bed, because she expected her sisters would visit her room. She lay awake watching until she thought that the household were all asleep, and soon after midnight she left her bedroom and went down stairs and opened the drawing-room door and window-shutters. She then went up into the nursery, withdrew the blanket from between the sheet and the counterpane, and placed it on the side of the cot. She then took the child from his bed and carried him down stairs, through the drawing-room. She had on her night-dress, and in the drawing-room she put on her goloshes. Having the child in one arm, she raised the drawing-room window with the other hand, went round the house and into the closet, lighted the candle, and placed it on the seat of the closet, the child being wrapped in the blanket and still sleeping; and while the child was in this position she inflicted the wound on the throat. She says that she thought the blood would never come, and that the child was not killed, as she thrust the razor into its left side and put the body with the blanket round it into the vault. The light burnt out. The piece of flannel which she had with her was torn from an old flannel garment placed in the waste bag, and which she had taken some time before and sewn it to use in washing herself. She went back into her bedroom, examined her dress, and found only two spots of blood on it. These she washed out in the basin, and threw the water, which was but little discoloured, into the foot-bath in which she had washed her feet. She took another of her night-dresses and got into bed. In the morning her night-dress had become dry where it had been washed. She folded it up and put it into the drawer. Her three night-dresses were examined by Mr. Foley (the police superintendent) and she believes also by Mr. Parsons, the medical attendant of the family. She thought the blood stains had been effectually washed out; but on holding the dress up to the light a day or two afterwards she found the stains were still visible. She secreted the dress, moving it from place to place; and she eventually burned it in her own bedroom, and put the ashes and tinder into the kitchen grate. It was about five or six days after the child's death that she burned the night-dress. On the Saturday morning, having cleaned the razor, she took an opportunity of replacing it unobserved in the case in the wardrobe. She abstracted her night dress from the clothes-basket when the housemaid went to fetch a glass of water. (This, it may be remembered, exactly confirms the evidence of the housemaid, Mrs. Rogers formerly Cox, as given at the examination at Trowbridge.) The stained garment found in the boiler-hole had no connexion whatever with the deed.

As regards the motive of her crime, says Dr. Bucknell, it seems that although she entertained at one time a great regard for the present Mrs. Kent, yet, if any remark were at any time made which in her opinion was disparaging to any member of the first family, she treasured it up, and determined to avenge it. She had no ill-will against the little boy, except as one of the children. Dr. Bucknell adds that a letter had been addressed by Constance Kent to Mr. Rodway, her solicitor, before the trial, on this point. This was the ground for the statement made by the prisoner's counsel, to the effect that she acknowledged that she had received the greatest kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Dr. Bucknell adds:—

"She told me when the nursemaid was accused she had fully made up her mind to confess if the nurse had been convicted, and that she had felt herself under the influence of the devil before she committed the murder, but that she did not believe, and had not believed, that the devil had more to do with her crime than he had with any other wicked action. She had not said her prayers for a year before the murder, and not afterwards until she came to reside at Brighton. She said that the circumstance which revived religious feelings in her mind was thinking about receiving the sacrament when confirmed."

As to the prisoner's mental condition Dr. Bucknell adds: "An opinion has been expressed that the peculiarities evinced by Constance Kent between the ages of twelve and seventeen may be attributed to the then transition period of her life. Moreover, the fact of her cutting off her hair, dressing herself in her brother's clothes, and leaving her home with the intention of going abroad, which occurred when she was only thirteen years of age, indicated a peculiarity of disposition and a great determination of character which foreboded that, for good or evil, her future life would be remarkable. This peculiar disposition, which led her to such singular and violent resolves of action, seemed also to colour and intensify the thoughts and feelings, and magnify into wrongs that were to be revenged any little family incidents or occurrences which provoked her displeasure."

"Although it became my duty to advise her counsel that she evinced no symptoms of insanity at the time of my examination, and that so far as it was possible to ascertain the state of her mind at so remote a period, there was no evidence of it at the time of the murder, I am yet of opinion that, owing to the peculiarities of her constitution, it is probable that under prolonged solitary confinement she would become insane. The validity of this opinion is of importance now that the sentence of death has been commuted to penal servitude for life; for no one could desire that the punishment of this criminal should be so carried out as to cause danger of a further and greater punishment not contemplated by the law."

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.—The works of the royal mausoleum at Frogmore, the burial place of the late Prince Consort, which have been in progress since the laying of the foundation stone by her Majesty the Queen on the 15th of March, 1862, are gradually verging towards completion. The walls of the interior are adorned with coloured marbles, which will be combined with frescoes and other decorations.

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A MAN was recently brought up by a farmer and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarities. "Why!" said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a very rare breed—I have some like them in my yard."—"That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

A LAWYER'S QUESTION ANSWERED—"What did he say? Come, give us his very words; none of your inferences, sir!" "I do not like to answer that question."—"Ho, ho! Sir, you are afraid to answer that question, are you? I know I would drive you to a close corner. Come, out with it; and none of your shrinking here!" "I should rather be excused."—"Then I shall appeal to the court to commit you for contempt." "Well, sir, if I must answer, he told me this morning that he had no money."—"Why, sir, what language did he use?"—"Why, I asked him to lend me half a dollar, and he said he couldn't, for you had robbed him of every cent of his money, and if he didn't get out of your clutches very soon his children would starve."—*American Paper*

A COUNTRY gentleman, while strolling out with a cockney friend—a genuine cockney—approached a meadow in which was a standing crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip tops. "Vy, vaterver does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—why, hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "Hay! Ha, ho! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's hay, just show me the hay-corns—come, now!"

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